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MARION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Once when the budding maple boughs
Talked with the fragrant winds of May,
And blushing round her queenly brows
The promise of the summer lay;

What time the solemn twilight ends
In the long luminous starry night,
I with the sweetest of my friends,
Walked on a purple upland height.

The silent beauty of the hour,
Lay like a blessing in the West—
And in my heart grew up a power,
To soothe her sorrow's wild unrest.

I praised the splendor of her eyes,
The midnight darkness of her hair—
The softest glow of sunset skies,
Than her pale cheek were not so fair.

I said the flowers beneath her feet
Were not more innocent than she—
She wailed—"Alas! such praises sweet,
Bear thorns instead of blooms for me!

"A bride to Allen Percy's halls
The sunset welcomed—even now
The proud light of his wedding falls
In crimson glory on my brow."

She flung her dark hair from her face,
And murmured with a glance of pride—
"A red rose lip, a form of grace
Had never won him from my side!

"This flashing loveliness of mine,
By far outshines her, pale and cold—
He bows not at her *beauty's* shrine,
But weds the lady for her *gold*.

"Well, mourning o'er life's bitter fruit
Will no more mend our broken trust—
The worm when trodden under foot
Can only writhe against the dust!

"Go, Allen Percy! from this hour
I hold no worthier thought of thee,
Than that, for paltry golden dower,
Thou'st sold two hearts to misery!"

To-night I hear the wind and rain
In the bleak woodlands wildly rave;
Alas! sweet Marion long hath lain
In the still shadow of the grave.

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

THE RUNAWAY MATCH.

A STORY IN FIVE PARTS.

BY HESTER HALLIWELL.

PART III.

CLARA ELLIOT.

We were sitting—I, Hester Halliwell, of the Halliwell House Retreat, and the rest—in the drawing-room one Sunday afternoon in the Christmas holidays. Lucy, who was suffering from one of her acute headaches, was near the fire, in my dear old mother's arm-chair (now very grand, for our young ladies had worked a handsome covering for it), and my eldest niece, Mary Goring, was in Lucy's place at the end of the table, cutting up oranges for the children. Mary was eighteen now, a slender, graceful girl, far more beautiful than her ill-fated mother had been.

"There's such a pretty carriage at the gate, auntie," cried little John Goring, who was standing at the window.

"Not at our gate," I said; for we rarely had visitors on a Sunday. Nevertheless I turned in my chair and looked out.

It certainly was at our gate. A low, stylish landau, with glittering silver ornaments on the horses' harness. A lady in purple velvet and furs was in it, and the footman was ringing at the gate. Up came Susan, Dr. Goring's old servant, and handed me a card, saying the lady wished to know if she could speak with me.

"Give it to Miss Goring," I said to Susan, for my glasses were not at hand, and my sight is not very clever at small reading now. "What does it say, Mary?"

"'Lady Elliot,'" answered Mary, reading from the card.

"Who is 'Lady Elliot?'" exclaimed Lucy. "What can she want with us? Some mistake, perhaps."

"Shall I show her up here, ma'am?" asked Susan.

"Yes, I suppose so. But—with these cakes and oranges and glasses about—and the children! Show her into the dining-room, Susan."

I followed Susan down stairs, and the lady came in. A pale, delicate woman, with hair quite gray, though she did not look much past forty.

"You have a young lady at school, a Miss Beale," she began, sitting down, away from the fire, and removing the sable fur from her neck.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," I answered, "a dear girl she is. She has been with us five years. But she is not here to-day; she is spending a week with some relatives at the West-end. Captain and Mrs. Beale are in India."

"The relatives she is with are friends of mine," returned my visitor, "and I have heard so pleasing an account of your establishment, of the comforts your young ladies enjoy, and the care bestowed on them, that I have been induced to think of placing my daughter with you."

"I am sure, ma'am, we feel much obliged to you," I said. "If you should see fit to entrust us with the young lady, we will do everything in our power for her happiness and welfare."

"She requires peculiar care; more care and attention than others. But for extra trouble I should of course expect to give extra remuneration."

"Is she not in good health?"

"Very good health, robust health; but—" Lady Elliot suddenly stopped, and then went on hurriedly—"the subject is naturally a painful one to me, and when I allude to it I am apt to become agitated."

I looked at her in astonishment. Her pale cheeks had turned crimson, her breath was labored, and her hand, as she played with the fur boa she held, was moving nervously. I was in doubt what I ought to say, so sat silent.

"The fact is, her mind is not quite right. Her intellects—"

"Oh, ma'am!" I interrupted, speaking, in the surprise of the moment, quicker than I ought to have done, "do not pain yourself by saying more. I fear, if the poor young lady is like that, it would not be possible to receive her here."

"She is not insane," answered Lady Elliot; "you must not think I have mistaken your house for an asylum; but she is *silly*. Some days she is so rational that a stranger would not observe anything to be the matter with her, will learn her lessons, and sew, and practise—for, by dint of perseverence, we have managed to teach her a little music. Other days she will be childish and silly; but I can assure you there is no madness, no insanity; it is only a *weakness* of intellect."

"How old is she?"

"She is sixteen. The medical men have recently suggested that were she placed at school with other young ladies, their companionship and example might tend to brighten her intellects. My husband is also of the same opinion. You know him by reputation, I presume."

"No, ma'am, I am not aware—"

"Sir Thomas Elliot, of ——— Square."

"Sir Thomas Elliot, the great physician! Oh yes, ma'am, I know him. Some months ago I took one of our pupils to him, three or four times."

"He is my husband," returned Lady Elliot. "This child is our only daughter, and has been a source of great grief to us. When we first discovered her deficiency, as an infant, we believed the affliction to be much worse than it really was—we feared her to be a hopeless idiot, at least I did: for mothers, in such a case, can only look at the worst side. I thought, when the fatal truth burst upon us, that the shock, the horror, the grief, would have killed me. I fear I loved the child too much, with a selfish, inordinate affection; three little daughters before her had died off, one by one, rendering this last more ardently coveted, and, when it came, too fondly cherished. But that hopeless despair—for it was nothing less—has calmed down with years; and though I cannot say I am happy in my child, I am more so than I once thought I ever could be. Let me beg of you to receive her."

I need not relate the further conversation, or the arrangements that we entered into. I consented to admit Miss Elliot, with the understanding that should her peculiarities prove such as to draw the attention of the other pupils off their studies, she should at once leave.

"What made Lady Elliot come this afternoon?" inquired Lucy.

I did not know, for Lady Elliot had offered no explanation or apology.

"There are some people who regard Sunday with little more reverence than week days," I observed, "perhaps Lady Elliot is one."

The second week after the school assembled Miss Elliot came. Lady Elliot did not bring her, she was ill with a cold, but, to my very great surprise, Miss Graves did; Miss Graves, who, with her sister, Mrs. Archer, had formerly lodged with us. She was residing with Lady Elliot, we found, as companion, and overlooker of her daughter. I should not have known her again, she was so stout and well, but she was aged a good deal, and had taken to wear caps. We were curious to see Miss Elliot, and found her a short, slight girl, looking younger than her age, with a small, simpering, vacant face, prominent blue eyes, and dark hair. Mary Goring linked Miss Elliot's arm within hers, and led her into the school-room. The pupils were just going to tea, and Miss Elliot, without the ceremony of being asked, sat down with them, making herself quite at home. Miss Graves took it with us in the dining-room.

"Mrs. Archer is connected by marriage with Sir Thomas Elliot," she explained, "and that is how I obtained the situation. I told Lady Elliot how comfortable Clara would be here, as soon as I knew she was thinking of placing her with you. Which is but recently, I fancy; the plan seemed to be made up all in a hurry."

"What a terrible affliction to have a child like Miss Elliot!" uttered Lucy.

"Terrible I believe it was to Lady Elliot, in the first years," answered Miss Graves. "She was not the rich Lady Elliot then, quite the contrary. Sir Thomas was only Dr. Elliot, an obscure country physician, little known or employed; it is but within these few years that he has come out the grand London medical star, knighted by her Majesty, and run after by every invalid. Many a physician, making his annual thousands, has had to struggle with an early career of poverty, if not want, and Thomas Elliot was one. You have not forgotten my sister's husband, Miss Halliwell, the Rev. George Archer?"

Had I forgotten him! A blush rose to my stupid old face, and they might have seen it through the ascending steam, as I poured out the tea. Perhaps Lucy did. I answered quietly that I had not forgotten him.

"His mother and this Sir Thomas Elliot's father were sister and brother."

Here was another recollection awakened. I had often, in those sunny days, heard George speak of his aunt and uncle Elliot; the latter a country clergyman.

"And Tom Elliot—as Sir Thomas, stiff and stately as he is now, was then called—ran away with a young lady, when he was only a medical pupil, and married her," proceeded Miss Graves. "Her father never forgave them, and left all his money to his eldest daughter. That eldest daughter was a widow then, and in time she died—died young—and bequeathed the money to the Elliots. Dr. Elliot then removed to London, set up a handsome establishment, and has now one of the first practices in town."

"What a clever man he must be in his profession," remarked Lucy. "Every one says so."

"Not he," answered Miss Graves; "not a whit more so than others, but the run of luck is upon him. He has contrived to obtain the name, to be just now the fashionable physician of the day, and so crowds flock after him."

"Well, he must be a happy man, at any rate," repeated Lucy, "to see himself so successful after his early struggles."

"Not so fast there," rejoined Miss Graves, significantly; "they neither of them give me the idea of being too happy. Sir Thomas is a gloomy, austere man, who seems to have no enjoyment in life; and no recreation save that of giving advice to patients. They say he was a wild, rattling young fellow in youth, whom everybody liked; but, if so, he is strangely altered. And Lady Elliot looks and moves as if she had a continued load of care upon her. I say to myself sometimes that one might as well be in a convent as with them, for they will both sit in the room for hours and never speak. If it were not for their son, I believe they would as soon be under the earth as above it."

"Their son? I fancied Miss Elliot was an only child."

"Indeed I don't know what they would do, if they had only her," replied Miss Graves, who, owing, I suppose, to our former acquaintance, seemed to speak of these family affairs pretty freely. "Poor thing! what comfort can they find in one afflicted as she is? Instead of the pride that nature urges us to take in a child, there is rather a feeling of shame substituted, in a case like Clara Elliot's—a wish that, were it possible, we would hide such a child's very existence from the world. Believe me, Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot's hopes and love are confined to their son. They idolise him."

"Is he older or younger than his sister?"

"Several years older. He is about four-and-twenty. Ah! and he is worthy of their love. Very handsome, very fascinating, very good and affectionate: it is rare, indeed, one meets with one so deserving of praise as William Elliot."

"Does he follow his father's profession?"

"No. He is studying for the Bar; and, report says, likely to shine at it. Not that there is any necessity for William to work. His aunt, Mrs. Turnbull, left part of the property direct to him, and Sir Thomas must be putting by guineas by the thousand. But William is as industrious and anxious to succeed as if he had not a shilling. If I had a son, or brother, like William Elliot, my pride in him would have no limit."

Just then Mary Goring came into the room, and began whispering in my ear—something about "Miss Singleton" and "bread-and-butter." I could not make it out.

"Speak up, speak up, child," said I. "We need have no secrets from Miss Graves."

"It is not for the bread-and-butter that Miss Singleton requested me to inquire," she said, blushing, as she looked at Miss Graves. "My aunt always desires that the young ladies may have as much as ever they can eat."

"Cut thin or thick, as they please," interrupted Lucy; "but Miss Graves is no stranger to our arrangements. What is it you are saying, Mary?"

"We only feared Miss Elliot might make herself ill," resumed Mary. "She——"

"What! has she got one of her eating fits upon her?" sharply interrupted Miss Graves. "Is she eating a great deal?"

"Fourteen slices since we began to count," replied Mary; "and she took from the thick plate. Miss Singleton thought it would be better to mention it, before she let her take any more."

"That's Clara Elliot all over," cried Miss Graves. "These eating fits—as we call them—do come over her now and then. You must limit her at such times to what is sufficient, Miss Halliwell."

"Perhaps she will not be limited?" I replied.

"Oh yes she will. You will find her extremely tractable. Control her with gentle authority, as you would a young child, and she will obey you. It is of no use to reason."

So we found. And we got on pretty well with Miss Elliot. The worst days were her laughing ones. She would suddenly burst into a laugh, no one knew at what, and nothing could stop her; shrill, screaming, hearty laughter, one burst upon another, and she throwing herself backwards and forwards on her seat, with great exertion. Laughing is contagious, and the first time it came on the whole school caught it, and fell into the roar; some went into hysterics, and others narrowly escaped convulsions. We had never had such a scene; the teachers, even, were affected; and I and Lucy driven out of our self-possession. In future we used to lead her at once from the room, and let her have her laugh out, away from the school girls. Another annoying thing was about the pianos. Some one sat by her whilst she practised, generally Mary Goring, to whom she had taken a great fancy, but she would seize a sly opportunity of bringing both her hands down with such force upon the keys, as to break the wires, thump, thump, thump, as one uses a hammer, laughing in delight all the time. The strength of her hands was astonishing, and we had two pianos damaged in one day. Lucy and the teachers declared she used to be worse at the full and change of the moon, but I did not see much difference, myself. One thing I must say in her favor—that she was perfectly truthful; always telling the straightforward truth, fearlessly. No matter whether a fact told against her or for her, out it came, without any softening down. It would seem that the dread of displeasure, which causes other children to equivocate in their endeavors to conceal a fault, was a feeling unknown to Clara Elliot.

On the third day of her residence with us I was seated in the drawing-room, while Mary Goring took her lesson from the harp-master, when one of the maids announced Mr. William Elliot, and there entered the very handsomest young man I ever saw. I do not admire men who are generally called handsome—big, showy, black-curled, prominent-featured, deep complexioned; with a loud voice, and a moustachio as long as my arm. (I hope I have put the proper letters into that, but I am not accustomed to write foreign words.) Mr. William Elliot was none of this: tall he certainly was, and elegant, with features of great beauty, pale and quiet, a sweet look in his hazel eyes, and a pleasant voice and manner that attracted you whether you would or not. I don't know what there was in him to win my heart, but as he held out his hand to me, and asked after his sister, it went over to him there and then. Mary continued her playing, without notice, for it was a rule of our house that lessons were never interrupted for the entrance of visitors. She had, however, nearly finished.

Clara Elliot came in, giggling and jumping, pulled her brother's face down to kiss, and then flapped herself on the sofa, and began one of those senseless fits of laughing. I was glad that the harp-master left just then. Young Mr. Elliot, with a flush on his face wound his arm about her waist.

"Clara! Clara!" he said, in a kind but authoritative tone, "I want to talk to you. Do not laugh just now. Come and look at my new horse."

Her silly laugh subsided instantly; it was evident that her brother had a hold on her affections or her poor mind, and she suffered him to take her to the window. A groom, well mounted, was leading his young master's horse before the house.

"Oh, he is superb!" cried Clara, jumping again as soon as she saw the horse. "When did you buy him, William?"

"Only yesterday."

"Come and look," she uttered, running across the room and pulling forward Mary Goring, who was putting the music straight preparatory to leaving the drawing-room; "it's my brother's new horse. Do you know who *she* is?" she added, as soon as they reached the window—"she is my new sister. Her name's Mary."

He bowed slightly at this unceremonious introduction. Mary would have released herself, but the girl clasped her tightly with her strong hands.

A foolish fancy came over me, and perhaps I am a foolish woman for relating it, but that can do neither harm nor good now. As they stood there, side by side, looking from the window, William Elliot and Mary Goring, their profiles were both turned towards me, and I was struck with a singular likeness between the two—the same beautiful cast of feature, the drooping eyelid, the arched nostril, and the same sweet look in the mouth. It struck a chill upon my heart. You may call it presentiment if you will, or you may call it the breeze from the door, but the likeness and the chill were both there. I drove it away and forgot it: I have felt and thought of it more since, than I did then; and I unwound Miss Elliot's arms, and dismissed my niece.

"I hope Lady Elliot's cold is better?" I said.

"Thank you, yes. She talks of driving down to-morrow. I am glad you are happy, Clary," continued Mr. William Elliot, fondly stroking his sister's hair. "Do you think," he whispered to me, as she flew off to another part of the room, on some flighty errand, "that the change here promises to be of service to her?"

I could not give an opinion. She had been with us too short a time: and presently Mr. Elliot took leave.

As he left the room I turned to ring the bell, and in that moment Clara flung the window wide open and stretched herself dangerously out of it. My heart—as the saying goes—was in my mouth, and, as I sprang towards her, I managed to take the bell-pull with me.

"My dear," I said, "you must not lean out in this way: you might fall and kill yourself. Besides, it is too cold for the window to be opened to-day. Jack Frost is in the roads."

"I like Jack Frost," she answered. "And I never fall out of the window. I hold on."

As I closed the window I took her hand in mine, and again came that silly laugh; it was at sight of her brother, who was going out at the gate. He looked up with those handsome eyes of his, and kissed his hand to her. The groom cantered up, and Mr. William Elliot prepared to mount.

Goodness me! she was like a young cat. Before I well knew she had drawn her hand from mine, before I knew she had left my side, she had flown down stairs and was out in the road, dancing round her brother's horse. The horse began dancing too. Clara only clapped her hands and danced the faster.

I saw Susan rush out to the gate, and I rushed down the stairs, and the bell-pull after me, which had somehow hooked itself on to the pocket-hole of my dress. But Mr. William Elliot was off his steed, quietly, but quick as a flash of lightning, and had his arm round her, leading her in again. I met them at the hall door.

"You must not think me wanting in care," I panted to him, the fright having run away with every bit of breath I had; "I was not prepared for her sudden movements. I shall be so in future."

"Her movements sometimes are sudden," he replied, "but she never comes to harm. There is a Providence over her, Miss Halliwell, as there is over a child."

The next day, a very fine one, Miss Graves came down in the carriage. Lady Elliot's cold was worse, so she had sent her instead, to take Clara for an airing. Clara pouted and would not go. Miss Graves was at a nonplus.

"Lady Elliot will blame me and say it is my fault," she said to us. "She made a point of her going out this bright day. Clara, dear, we shall see such fine things as we go along; we shall see Punch and Judy. It is in full work, fife and drum and all, lower down the road."

Punch and Judy was a sight that poor Clara was wild after; there was nothing she enjoyed so much in life. Miss Graves really had passed the show on her way. This was a great temptation to Clara, and she seemed irresolute, but finally shook her head; she wanted to stay with Mary Goring. Miss Graves then suggested that Mary should accompany them, and Clara eagerly seized at it.

"So you had a visit from William Elliot yesterday," observed Miss Graves, when they were gone to get ready. "What young lady was it he saw here?"

"He only saw his sister," I replied, forgetting, as I spoke, the temporary stay of Mary Goring in the drawing-room. "And two end frights she gave me."

"Yes he did. One of the young ladies, he told me."

"Oh, true, I remember now. It was my niece. Miss Goring."

"Then he is surely smitten with her," was the rejoinder of Miss Graves. "He kept talking about her to me last night, and said she was the sweetest girl he ever saw."

"Ah, young men are apt to say that of all the pretty girls they meet," was my answer. But somehow I thought of that ugly chill again.

Easter came, and Clara Elliot went home on the Wednesday in Passion-week to spend some days. On the Thursday (as I heard afterwards from Miss Graves) she got Mary Goring into her head, and so teased her mother to send for her, that Lady Elliot grew quite cross. In most cases, Clara was as easily swayed as a child, but when she did get hold of a fixed idea and turn obstinate over it, there was no moving her. At the dinner-table she refused to eat.

"I don't want any dinner," she sullenly remarked, "I want Mary Goring."

"Who in the world's Mary Goring?" inquired Sir Thomas.

"Oh, one of her schoolfellows," replied Lady Elliot. "She has been dinning the name into me all day."

"Nonsense," responded Sir Thomas. "You are putting on more childishness than you need, Clara. Eat your dinner."

"She is not nonsense," retorted Clara. "She's better than you are here. William knows it."

A flush, quite uncalled for, rose to Mr. William Elliot's face.

"Clara has talked to me about some young lady whom she seems to have taken a fancy to," he explained. "I suppose it is the same."

"You saw her," burst forth Clara—"you have seen her twice. You know you did."

"Have I?" answered Mr. William.

Lady Elliot interposed, and, to pacify Clara, promised that she should fetch Mary Goring on the morrow. But the morrow was Good Friday. They went to church; after service some visitors came in; and the day passed without fetching Mary Goring. Never, Miss Graves said, had she seen Clara Elliot so obstinately sullen. Alas! the next morning Clara was missing. The house was searched over, but she was nowhere to be found. They supposed she must have risen early, dressed herself, and gone out, unseen by the servants. Her bonnet, velvet mantle, and suit of furs were gone. A strange commotion the house was in; never had Clara Elliot attempted such an escapade before. Lady Elliot was nearly out of her senses.

"She must have gone after that young girl she was worrying over," cried Sir Thomas. "Mary——— what was it? Her schoolfellow?"

Nothing more likely. And Mr. William Elliot, the most active of the party, flew down stairs and into a cab.

We were sitting at breakfast in the dining-room, when one of the servants came in, and said that Mr. William Elliot had called and wished to see me instantly.

"Mr. William Elliot at this hour!" I repeated, rising from my chair. "Can anything unpleasant have happened?"

"You'll never go to him in that figure, aunt!" cried Mary, in alarm.

And indeed I believe I did look a sight. For on this Saturday morning, as many of the pupils had gone home, the maids were about to turn out part of the house, and I was going to help them. So I had put on a large old-fashioned muslin cap with a spreading border, to save my head from the dust, and a short, buff cotton bed-gown—if my modern readers know what that ancient article means.

"He will think Aunt Hester's showing out in her nightcap and night-dress," said Master Alfred Goring, who had come to us for a three days' holiday.

"The gentleman's waiting outside," interposed Ann. "He would not go up-stairs."

"Dear me! outside! Never mind my dress, children. I beg your pardon for keeping you there, sir," I said, as he entered; "I had no conception that you had not gone into the drawing-room. The truth is, I was a little averse to appearing before you in this attire, but I am going to be busy with the maids. My nephew suggested that you might think it my night-dress, but I can assure you it is not, though I beg you to excuse it."

"It is I who need excuse for intruding on you at this hour," he answered, with a smile, as he ran his eyes over my shoulders and head. And then he told us what was the matter. We had seen nothing of Miss Elliot, and he hurried away to prosecute the search.

About middle day Lady Elliot came down, nearly frantic.

"A girl like Clara, who wants proper sense to take care of herself?" she uttered. "Suppose she falls into bad hands! Oh, Miss Halliwell, this horrible suspense will kill me."

I could give little consolation to Lady Elliot, and she soon left. In her state of mind it seemed impossible for her to remain long in one place. Our house was like a fair that day, and the cleaning got on very badly. As to myself, I found I had to leave it to the servants, change my costume, and have a fire lighted in the drawing-room. Mr. Elliot coming, as I have said, in the morning; Alfred running in and out, looking for her up and down the road, and calling in at the police-station; then Miss Graves coming; then Lady Elliot; then another flying visit from Mr. William; and in the afternoon we were honored by a visit from Sir Thomas. The family, that day, passed their time running between their house and ours. Sir Thomas Elliot was a tall, handsome man, with a reserved manner, and sharp of words, so different from the description I had heard of the once random Tom Elliot.

"You perceive, madam," he observed, "we can only come to the conclusion that my daughter must have left home to come in search of Miss—Miss—excuse me, I forget the name."

"Miss Goring, sir."

"Miss Goring. I beg your pardon. May I be permitted to see Miss Goring? Though possibly she may not be able to throw any light on my daughter's movements."

What light was Mary likely to throw? However, there could be no objection to Sir Thomas Elliot's seeing her, if he wished. So I called Mary.

An expression of surprise arose to his face when she answered my summons. He had, no doubt, expected to behold a silly school girl, and in walked Mary, with her lady-like manners, her handsome half-mourning dress, and her winning beauty. His manner to me had been, I thought, a little patronizing, but he rose up to her, the finished gentleman.

"My daughter speaks of you as her friend," he said; "she was, doubtless, coming in search of you; can you offer any suggestion as to where she may have strayed?"

"No," answered Mary. "Unless," she hesitated, whilst a damask color flew to her cheek, for it was not pleasant to speak to a father of his daughter's deficiencies—"unless she should have met the show she is so fond of, and have followed it."

"You allude to Punch. But I think it was too early for the ridiculous exhibition to be abroad," replied Sir Thomas, who was aware of his daughter's predilection for the popular amusement.

"Have you suggested it, sir, to the police who are in search?" I asked. "If she did happen to see it, she would be certain to stray away in its wake."

"No," he said, "it did not occur to me. But I will lose no time in doing so now. I really thank you very much, madam, for the thought."

So he went away, and we saw him get into his brougham.

The next arrival was Miss Graves again, just as we were going to tea, which I then caused to be carried into the drawing-room. Lady Elliot had sent her.

"This is really dreadful," she exclaimed, taking the cup I handed her; "Lady Elliot is quite beside herself with excitement. Picturing all sorts of shocking things happening to the child. I am quite exhausted."

"I know what I should do," said Lucy. "I should set the bellman to work."

"There is no bellman in London," laughed Master Alfred; the whole bustle was fun to him. "*I* should engage all the Punch and Judies going, and set 'em up at the street corners. She'd be sure to appear before one of them."

"I do not fear her coming back safe," cried

Miss Graves; "who would harm a poor half-witted child like Clara Elliot?"

Lucy looked grave.

"How are they to know she is half-witted? And we do hear frightful stories of the wickedness of London."

"Which are all true," eagerly interrupted Alfred. "If they can catch hold of an unprotected female, they cut off her hair and draw her teeth, and the fashionable barbers and dentists give them no end of money for the spoil."

"Be quiet, Alfred."

"It's true, Aunt Lucy. If you don't believe me, you just go into one of the thieves' streets some day, and see how they'd serve you. Why! if Miss Elliot has strayed there! won't she come back with a bald head and empty mouth!"

All this was of course nothing but nonsense on Alfred's part; he little thought— But I had better go on regularly. We were still at tea when Mr. William Elliot came in again. So pale and fagged, that I was grieved to see him, and I said so.

"I own I am disheartened," he said. "If Clara is not found before night, I tremble for the consequences to my mother. And where to search, or what to do, more than are already doing, I do not know."

"I say, here's a visit," exclaimed Alfred, who was then at the window. "Such a rum one. Does Miss Elliot wear a white petticoat?"

"What do you mean?" I sharply said. For I did not like him to joke about it in the presence of Mr. Elliot.

"I am not joking," answered Alfred. "It's a visit at your gate, aunt. A carriage without sides, laden with human livestock, and drawn by a Jerusalem pony. What will you bet one of them is not Miss Elliot?"

We flocked to the window. Good Heavens above! it was Miss Elliot. But in such a trim! I shall never forget the sight.

The vehicle was drawn up before the gate. One of those wide board cart-wheels, which I had seen vegetables and shell-fish hawked upon. Flat upon it sat a man, who drove the donkey, a woman holding a child, and between them a female figure in a broken straw-bonnet, a ragged cotton shawl of no color but dirt, and a white petticoat. The figure was Clara Elliot, but we did not recognize her till they came up stairs, and I saw William Elliot's lips turn as white as ashes.

What an object the unfortunate girl presented! She was not precisely en chemise (as our French teacher is apt reprehensibly to cast at the little girls, when she peruses into their chamber at night, and catches them at pass-in-the-corner), but she was not far removed from it. No velvet bonnet and mantle, no furs, no silk dress, and no gloves. Nothing but the disgraceful bonnet and shawl over the white petticoat, her own stockings, and a shameful pair of slipshod slippers. She seemed to enjoy the affair amazingly, and threw herself on a chair with bursts of laughter, hugging the shawl around her. Her hair and teeth were safe.

"Does this here young lady belong to here?" began the man, a tall fellow, all skin and bone, with a deformed foot.

We all answered in a breath that the young lady did belong to us, but Mr. Elliot's voice rose above ours, demanding to know where she had been detained, and what brought her home in that state.

"I was away on my rounds, gentlefolks," returned the man, "and knowed nothing on it till I come home this afternoon, and found the young miss along of my missis. They can tell you about it better nor I can."

The man pushed his wife forward as he concluded. She had mild blue eyes and a hectic color. And, now that the first shock of their appearance was wearing off, I began to like the people. Rough and dark as the man was, common and low as they were in station, I am sure they were honest and kindly.

"We keep a bit of a shed for coal, ma'am, near to Covent Garden, and for greens and things that my husband can't sell on his rounds," she said, addressing herself to me, whom she probably took for Clara's mother, "and this morning, about eleven o'clock, and I was a coming in from delivering a quarter of a hundred of coals to a customer, somebody lays hold on me and asks if that was the way to Halliwell House, ——— Road. So I said, No, it wasn't, nor anywhere near it, and then I noticed what a odd-looking young person it was, and she burst out laughing (perhaps because she saw me staring at her) and up and told me she had been robbed of her clothes. Well, I did not pay no attention to her, for we have all sorts of girls in our part, saving your presence, ladies, but she followed me into our shed, and began playing with my children, and asked me to get a cab and take her home. I asked her if she'd got some money, and she said, No, they had taken her purse, but her friends would pay. So after that, I put some questions to her, and began to believe her tale, especially as I saw that her under-clothes, which they had not touched, was fine like a lady's."

"Who took your clothes from you, Clara?" interposed Mr. William Elliot, in the kind, but authoritative tone he sometimes used to her.

"I was coming here to fetch Mary," she answered. "I had walked a good way, and was looking for the turning, but I could not find the right one. Then a woman asked what I wanted, and I told her, and she said she would show me, and took me along with her."

"Well? Go on, Clara," said her brother.

"She took me into a room, up some dirty stairs, where there was another woman. I was angry, and said that was not Halliwell House, and she said we were only going to have some breakfast first. She said that," added Clara, her eyes brightening up, "because I told her I had cheated mamma, and all of them, and run away without any. Then she and the other woman took my own things off me, and my pocket, and put these on, and when I cried, they promised I should have them all back again when I got home, and they gave me some bread and bacon."

"What did they do after that?" inquired Miss Graves.

"After that, the other woman came out with me, and said she was going to bring me here, but suddenly she was gone, and I could not find her. It was a nasty dirty street, and I did not know my way, so I asked *her*—pointing to the woman in the room.

"It is the same tale she told to me, ma'am," resumed the woman. "There are troubles in this wicked town that do prowl about to pick up children, and others who can't defend themselves, and rob them of their things. So I believed as the young lady had told the truth, and I kep' her in our back room, along of my young ones, for she don't seem to be one as ought to be abroad by herself, and I give her a bit of our dinner, such as it was. And when my husband and big boy come home, I persuaded of him to bring her down here, which he didn't want to, and I come along myself, for, says I, her friends will be more satisfied like, if I goes to testify that she has been kep' safe since she come into my hands. I'm ashamed as I'd nothing to lend her to put on, in place of them dirty things," added the woman, with an increase in her hectic color, and lowering her tone, "but this have been a hard winter with us, and I have been forced to put away all but what I stand up in."

There was a genuine good feeling betrayed in the woman's speech, and I saw William Elliot's eyelashes glisten, as he turned to look out into the road. His unfortunate sister! what a display it was for him.

"It wasn't as I were unfeeling, or thought of my trouble in bringing the young person down, gentlefolks," gruffly spoke up the husband, "nor it wasn't as I knew the animal was done up; but there ain't a busier day throughout the year, for us costermongers, than Easter Saturday, and I was going out again with a fresh stock, which now I have lost the sale on. Our boy Bill, too, as we've left in charge of the sheds and the young ones, can't sell as his mother can."

"You shall be no loser by what you have done, my good man," interposed Mr. Elliot, warmly.

"Well, sir, it were my missis as talked me into it, so I won't say as it weren't. 'Suppose it was our own girl, Bill, as were lost,' says she to me, 'shouldn't we be in a peck o' grief overit, and ain't this one's folks the same, and ain't it our duty to take her home without delaying of it, and let 'em see that no great harm have come to her?' So, with that, I harnessed in the donkey again, for I had took him out for a rest, and folded a sack for the young person to sit upon, and we brought her down."

What more he would have said, if anything, was interrupted by Clara Elliot. She sprang to the tea-table, seized hold of a slice of bread and butter, which was lying there on a plate, and offered it to the woman.

"Take it," she said; "you gave me some of your potatoes to-day."

"Not for me, miss," was the answer; "I can do without it. If I might give it to my little boy instead"—looking at me—"I should be glad." She had held the boy in her arms all the time, but with difficulty, for he seemed to be a most restless child, about two years old. "He's always up at the sight of food, ma'am, for he don't get enough of it, and children has such appetites."

Mr. William Elliot took the bread and butter from Clara, doubled it, and gave it himself to the child.

"He shall get enough in future," he whispered to the mother, with one of his kindly looks.

We saw the people drive away again. The man sat down first, helped up his wife, civilly enough, and stuck the boy between them, on Clara's back. Mr. William Elliot and Alfred Goring stood at the gate while they mounted, Alfred in a frenzy of delight at the scene, and Mr. William writing down in his pocket-book the man's address. Almost at the same moment, Lady Elliot drove up in a hired cab; her own horses were tired.

She was painfully agitated when she heard the details, although thankful to receive Clara safe and sound. The girl's half-clad, ludicrous appearance, the wretched substitutes (which we speedily consigned to the dust-bin) for her own clothes, the description of her conveyance home, the nondescript vehicle on which she sat in state, on the coal-sack, behind the donkey, the rough costermonger and his half-starved wife, and, worse than all, the girl's utter indifference to the shame! Indifference? she *enjoyed* the remembrance of the novel ride. All this was as wormwood to Lady Elliot.

"Oh, William, what a disgrace!" she murmured to her son, as the red flush came into her pale cheeks, the light into her glistening eye; "better I had no daughter, you no sister, than to have her thus; better that it would please God to remove her from us!"

Little less agitated was he, as he bent before his mother, little less flushed his own face, but it was with pain at hearing such words from her.

"Dear mother," he whispered, as he took her hands, "look not upon it in this spirit. Rather be thankful that the affliction is so much lighter than it might be—and especially thankful this day, as I am, that she is restored to us unharmed."

She strained his hands in hers, before parting with them, and gazed tenderly into his handsome face, feeling thankful for the blessing bestowed upon her in *him*. And indeed she had cause; for there are few sons, in these degenerate days, like William Elliot.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The editor of the Buffalo Express recently had his fortune told by a Gipsey hag in a check apron, who informed him he was the father of eight children and a great rascal. He adds, "our past life was correctly set before us."

☞ A bachelor was saying, "Next to no wife, a good wife is best." "Nay," said a gentlewoman, "next to a good wife, no wife is the best."

☞ Conventionality.—In a demoralised Society, the Best Possible Substitute for Virtue. —*Punch.*

☞ The Boston Post says of the cable:—

John Bull and Brother Jonathan
Each other ought to greet—
They've always been extravagant,
But now "make both ends meet."

☞ "It is a curious fact," says some entomologist, "that it is only the female mosquito that torments us." A bachelor says it is not at all "curious."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year as at present—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States Postage.

THE POST is believed to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union, without exception.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NAVY. We have not been able as yet to obtain the information desired. If you would write to the Naval Department at Washington, you would probably learn all you wish.

A BRILLIANT ENGAGEMENT.

We have the pleasure of announcing to our numerous family of readers, that we have completed an engagement with the distinguished author,

G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.,

Author of "Richelieu," "Philip Augustus," "The Old Dominion," &c., &c.

In pursuance of this engagement, Mr. James is now engaged in the writing of a novel for THE POST, the publication of which we design commencing about the beginning of the coming year.

As a writer of historical romances, distinguished alike for their accordance with historical truth, their high tone of morals, and their exceeding interest, Mr. James probably occupies the next place to "that noblest Roman of them all," Sir Walter Scott. And a work of fiction from his pen can hardly fail to add fresh lustre and brilliancy to the columns of THE POST through the coming Spring.

Of course this engagement involves a heavy outlay on our part, but we expect to be repaid by the increased interest of our readers and the public. We may add, that Mr. James *will write exclusively for* THE POST.

The following song, a pearl "of purest ray serene"—which we have wrested from its appropriate setting, in the pages of the forthcoming work, we would commend to the attention of our gifted friend Dempster, as well suited to his peculiar genius as a composer and vocalist:—

THE DYING SOLDIER'S LAMENT.

From Mr. G. P. R. James's forthcoming Romance, shortly to be published in the Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia.

Where is the love o'er childhood's slumber bending,
While drops the tear from the maternal eye,
Prophetic fear with heaven-born hope still blending,
Chast'ning proud pleasure with the timid sigh?
Where is the love?

Where is the love more warm but less enduring,
That twines youth's brow with coronals of flowers;
While hope stands by, deluded hearts assuring
A long expanse of bright and sunny hours?
Where is the love?

Where is that love while sad and mangled lying
On the dark battle-field my limbs are cast,
And my crushed heart for long-gone moments sighing,
Turns faintly back unto the happy past?
Where is that love?

Where is that love? In heaven with those who bore it,
Who long have left me on this earth alone.
Sweet spirits! in your blessed mansions store it,
For I am coming quick to claim mine own.
There is that love!

AN ALGEBRAICAL PUZZLE.—A friend who takes great pleasure in solving anything of a puzzling character, hands us the following—which, as it is too late for this week's "Riddler," we insert here. He wishes it commended to the attention of our leading contributors in the problem line:

AN ALGEBRAICAL PUZZLE.—I have three kinds of money, gold, silver, and copper, consisting of dollars, dimes, and cents; the number of dollars is expressed by two digits; the number of dimes by the square of the units; and the number of cents by the products of the digits; also, the three numbers are in Arithmetical Progression; and, if unity be added to their sum, it will produce a square number. How many pieces of each kind have I, and how much money in all?

Though not our usual custom, we shall withhold the answer.

☞ Which of the Pennsylvania railroads is most favorable to the acquisition of knowledge? The "Reading," to be sure.

What county in Pennsylvania is the deadly opponent of the school system? Schuyl-kill, of course.

Why is Col. Webb, of New York, apt to be a little dogmatic? Because he edits the Curier.

THE CABLE GALA.

Philadelphia celebrated the laying of the Atlantic Cable on Wednesday, Sept. 1st, with speeches in Independence Square, with the parade of soldiery, and in the evening with fireworks and a general illumination. Chestnut Street presented a memorable appearance in the evening—"with gold lamps and blazing cressets hung." Under the dark heavens and dim stars stretched the long, irregular, picturesque perspective of illuminated buildings, and transparencies, and drooping flags, under which poured along, lit by the mellow splendor, a dense interminable multitude—not less probably than four hundred thousand persons. The scene was like a page from the Arabian Nights, or a realization of the marvellous city in Vathek. Only here, unlike Vathek, every heart was filled with gladness, and not with raging fire. The fronts of many of the buildings were adorned with lines and stars of vivid flame, with colored lights, and mottoes and flags, while nearly all the windows from top to bottom, were ablaze with lamps and chandeliers. The entire effect of the street, filled to overflowing with the gay and festal crowd, and lit so brilliantly, was gorgeous, while interfused with all was that element of strangeness, without which, says Lord Bacon, there is no exquisite beauty. The general aspect was entirely Oriental—as if some touch of an enchanter's wand had changed, for a few hours, the city of Brotherly Love into the city of Bagdat—Bagdat

"in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid."

THE PROMISE OF SEPTEMBER.

We are sorry to see that Mr. L. L. Chapman, our Philadelphia meteorologist, many of whose predictions have been so accurately verified, gives us in his "Monthly Rainbow," so little hope for September. He says:

A negative bearing predominates from the 1st to the 22d, with electrical deficiency, tending to develope epidemic sickness (cholera, yellow and other fevers, &c.,) especially from the 1st to the 16th. Social and business feelings and humors participate with the depression of the physical energies which are so dependent on electrical conditions, disappointing the hopes of millions, whilst the elements of desperation and crime are goaded into more than usual development. I fear that more murder, arson, &c., will be chronicled in September than for any other month for years past, even if there should be no serious excitements near the 15th (or from the 13th to 18th) or outbreaks affecting the peace of nations.

Earthquakes are very liable near the 15th, (or from the 13th to 18th.) After the 24th, a more positive bearing predominates.

At the time we write this, on the morning of the 2d, the air is so fresh and inspiring, that we trust Mr. Chapman will prove a false prophet.

We may add that Mr. Chapman, like the old astrologists, bases his predictions upon the influence of the heavenly bodies—though his system is strictly a scientific one. His theory, in a simple shape, is as follows:

The natural laws which control the changes of the elements have their simple and positive illustration in the Solar Spectrum,—as follows: A beam of light falling obliquely upon a prism or any three-square block of glass, will be divided by the refracting power of the prism, diverging into *seven* distinct and different angles of direction, and in *each angle*, the light will assume a color of the Rainbow, and possess a nature, and produce an effect *different* from the light refracted in the *other* angles. The light diverged in the angles of the Violet, Indigo, &c., producing a *cool, damp* temperature, and (when converged) magnetizing bits of wire, &c., in less than an hour, whilst that diverged in the angles of the Yellow, Red, &c., produce a *warm, dry* temperature, with *little or no* perceptible magnetic power.

The Rainbow gives a similar illustration by the reflection of light.

These facts have been established by the scientific world for centuries. But the *display* given on a small scale in the above illustration, of the laws which regulate the changes of the elements, has been hitherto *overlooked*. For the currents of light that the earth is constantly intercepting from the other bodies of the Solar System, (some of which are a thousand times its bulk,) in *every* differing angle of reflection, cannot fail to produce in its elements similar effects on a *large* scale to those produced by single rays in the *same* angles on a *small* scale. It will also be seen, from the mathematical exactness of the laws of light, that the *periods when* these reflected currents will be intercepted, admit of precalculation in the *same manner* as eclipses, and that their tendencies and effects may be inferred to an important extent beforehand.

I have found during some ten years' observation, that Electrical phenomena—Storms—Earthquakes, &c., have usually occurred at periods when excessive supplies of electricity by many intercepted currents were indicated. Also, that sickness—Cholera—vegetable defection, or blight, &c., usually prevail, when great and long continued deficiency, in consequence of fewer intercepted currents of Electrical supplies to the Elements, are indicated.

The changes of Atmospheric temperature, I have usually found to correspond to within the hour, with intercepted currents, as precalculated, according to the analogy of the solar spectrum, three or four times out of five.

Mr. Chapman has devoted his life to the elucidation of this subject. We should not be surprised if he had caught partial glimpses of some great and hitherto unknown truth, even if he has not caught and caged that truth itself.

CANNOT BE ALLOWED.—One of the Boston publishing firms has been copyrighting a work which is a mere re-print. We wrote asking information upon the subject, and were answered that as they had an arrangement with the authoress to pay her copyright, and had inserted a preface written by a Boston authoress, they considered they had a claim to copyright it. We would inform these gentlemen that they have no claim of the kind—and probably they are as well acquainted with this fact as we are. If they have an arrangement with the author of an English work, let them simply state that fact, as other publishers do.

THE TREATY WITH CHINA.—The news of the peace with China, and of the opening of the Chinese ports to foreign trade—transmitted through the Atlantic Telegraph—is said to have been followed by an immediate purchase of American cotton goods, especially drillings, for exportation. An advance is reported on at least three qualities of goods, and the mills are set to work about two weeks' earlier than if the news had been forced to await the *slow* progress of the steamships.

BURNING OF THE QUARANTINE BUILDINGS, NEAR NEW YORK.—The burning of the Quarantine buildings, near New York, a detailed account of which is given in our news columns—was not only a riotous, but we fear, a very unwise proceeding. Doubtless the inhabitants of the district adjacent to the Quarantine—which had become thickly settled—had great provocation—but the result may prove to be that they have simply promoted and enlarged the evil which they dreaded. The effect of scattering more than a hundred patients, suffering from yellow fever, small pox, and other malignant diseases, may be most disastrous, not only to the rioters themselves, but to all their fellow citizens of New York. Why even in entering the hospitals, and carrying out the patients, before the burning of the buildings, many of the rioters may have become infected—and, through them, the disease may become general in the community. Such inmates of the Quarantine as were strong enough, doubtless fled at once to New York—and it would seem that nothing but a special providence could avert the natural consequences of the rash riot in question. Besides, what is to be done in the case of the vessels which are every day arriving from infected ports. A temporary Quarantine will have to be established somewhere, it is evident—but where? that is the question.

Already the predictions of our Philadelphia meteorologist, quoted in another article, seem to be coming true. A riotous spirit is already manifested—we trust that the other portion of the prediction, relative to the yellow fever, &c., will not come true also. If the unwise action of the Staten Islanders should result in spreading the yellow fever through New York, we trust that our authorities will insist upon every needful precaution to prevent its spreading to Philadelphia. Our city is now healthy—let us strive to keep it so.

RAILROAD TRAVELLING.—There appears to be no doubt that railroad is safer than stage-coach travelling. That is, there are not so many persons injured in proportion to the number that travel. According to Capt. Galton's Report on Railway Casualties, our own "highly favored land" is "ahead" of the rest of the world in the respect of railroad casualties as in "all others." Thus, the Captain presents us with the following comparative proportion of accidents in various countries:—

				Passengers Carried.
Prussia, 1 killed or wounded to every				3,394,075
Belgium,	"	"	"	1,811,237
France,	"	"	"	375,092
England,	"	"	"	311,345
United States,	"	"	"	188,450

It will be noticed that the Germans of Prussia, those "slow coaches," only kill or wound one person where we kill or wound *eighteen*. Even France and England are behind us in this respect, we killing or wounding about two to their one. It is in vain that the sober old world attempts to compete with this dashing, splashing, and crashing Young America. At blowing up a steamboat, or rushing a train of cars off the track, the "old fogies" of Europe are nowhere. They never studied in that glorious alphabet of which the second letter is not *let her be*, but "*let her rip.*"

IN A BAD WAY.—The authorities in New York do not seem to have much respect for the press of that city. At the Cable Celebration at the Crystal Palace, the reporters of the *Herald* and *Tribune*, and perhaps of other papers, were unceremoniously ordered off the platform. The next evening, Mr. Frank Leslie, of the pictorial of that name, was forcibly expelled by the Committee of Arrangements from the municipal dinner, although he had entered with a ticket. It seems to be a family quarrel, something like that which once occurred between the pot and the kettle, in which it does not become men with clean hands to interfere.

As to the general principle involved, however, we may say, that when the press is not treated with respect, its proper course is to refuse to notice those who insult it. But then in New York, where it would be a fatal blow to a leading newspaper, not to be able to report every little deed and little talk of little men, they cannot of course resort to this remedy. The reporters of the *Herald* and *Tribune*, in the case before us, being ordered off the platform, reported from the floor—if they had been pursued further, and expelled the building, doubtless they would have been found at some crack of a door or window, with tablet spread, and pencil going, catching a chance word here and there, and filling up the rest from their imaginations.

A PROBLEM.—Whoever originated the following deserves to have his name handed down to posterity: If a dispatch from England to America gains on the sun so as to reach here five hours by the clock before it left England, at what time would it arrive at the point of departure, were a cable carried entirely around the world? Would it not arrive the day before it left, less only the time exhausted in making the circuit? If so, then, with a continuous telegraph line around the world, why not send a dispatch around and around until it reached back to Adam, and let him know what his children are about these "latter days."

Of course the above is "all in sport," and in very good sport, too, but still many may not see the exact point of error in it. If a cable were carried around the globe, a dispatch sent at noon west from London, would reach the antipode—if said dispatch travelled with the usual electric speed—nearly twelve hours earlier apparently on the same day. But, after passing the antipode, it would find itself suddenly about twelve hours behind, instead of twelve hours before the time of London, and, only as it approached that city, would it be able to catch up with the sun again.

"THE city's bill for the funeral expenses of Alderman Murray, in New York, amounted to $672; of this $130 was for drinks, &c., on the road to the cemetery."—*Newark Mercury.*

At that rate of drinks, no doubt the New York Board of Aldermen would be willing to bury one of their number every day—while their fellow citizens probably would gladly contribute as many thousands of dollars as were needed, and say to the undertaker, "Go, bury the whole of them."

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 241—Adults 90, and children 151.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.—Some time ago we copied a paragraph giving rather an unfavorable account of the young Prince of Wales. That paragraph it seems, also copied into the N. S. Standard of New York, has fallen under the notice of a "distinguished source"—who writes from England to the *Standard* a correction of the slander. We are pleased to find that Queen Victoria's son emulates the virtues of his mother. The "authentic and distinguished source" in question says—and the letter has the stamp of sincerity upon it, and is no warmer in its tone than it ought to be:—

The imputation is not only untrue, but absolutely devoid of any foundation in fact. Nothing has happened which could, by any twisting, or prejudice, or misapprehension, be made to support such a supposition as that contained in the story. The Prince is a timid, retiring youth, surrounded by sound influences, in the way of tutors and companions, as well as family intercourse. His habits are simple and industrious; his tastes are pure; his confidence in his guardians is frank and affectionate. In conversing at his studies, his first consideration is always the morality of the case before him, and his habitual temper is honorable, just and kindly. *He* never thinks or speaks evil of others; and that he should already be subject to indecent calumny is one of the unaccountable misfortunes which perplex honest people in their journey of life. The defenceless position of the only family in the empire who cannot guard their own reputation by the usual means ought to be a protection against such injury. I must say that no English newspaper of any character would have produced such a statement, without taking care to ascertain the truth of it. It must be through some unhappy accident that The Standard has done so; for I am confident that you could not deliberately inflict a cruelty on the parents of a boy whose reputation is as dear to them as it deserves to be, while it is one on which the eyes of the world are fixed, and in regard to which the world's memory is sure to be tenacious.

The Prince's trip to Ireland was for the same purposes as his ordinary journeys—recreation and knowledge. Prince Alfred has been on his travels since. The one is no more in disgrace than the other; while it is important for both to see something of the world before they enter on the practice of the business of life. A single interview with any one of the family would shame (if anything could) the minds and hearts of persons who take evil for granted before they see it, and report it before they know it.

GOT THEIR DUES.—Two swindlers, who recently tried to pass a hundred dollar counterfeit note upon a Mr. Swink, a Missouri merchant, in this city, have been tried and found guilty. One of them pretended to be a fellow Missourian; he had a little bill to pay to the other swindler—who was a clerk, for the occasion, in a city firm—and wished Mr. Swink to change him a hundred dollar note. Mr. S. took them to his room to get the money, locked them in, and went for an officer. Mr. S. said "he was in the habit of reading the papers, and had heard of such tricks upon travellers." It is well for strangers to keep at least one eye always open when visiting Philadelphia. When visiting New York they can either keep both eyes open, or go it blind, it does not much matter which, for, unless they keep their mouths always shut too, so that no drugged soda-water or other liquor can get in, their chance is very slim indeed.

SLAVERY DISCUSSION.—The debate between Parson Brownlow and Rev. Abram Pryne begins in this city on Tuesday evening, Sept. 7th. Each speaker is to occupy one hour. Owing to Mr. Brownlow's hoarseness, he will have to employ a reader. As both parties were on the ground, they thought best not to adjourn the debate. The meetings are to be held in the National Guard's Hall, at 7½ o'clock, and continue five successive evenings—from Tuesday to Saturday, inclusive.

New Publications.

PHILADELPHIA AS IT IS.

PHILADELPHIA AND ITS MANUFACTURES, by EDWIN T. FREEDLEY, (Edward Young, Philada.,) is a handbook exhibiting the development, variety, and statistics of the manufacturing industry of Philadelphia, and also containing sketches of remarkable manufactories, together with a list of articles now made here. In view of the monstrous and persistent misrepresentation of the relative standing and position of Philadelphia indulged in by rival cities, a work of this kind is more than ordinarily needed. Armed with the facts here registered, the Philadelphian can meet the detractors of his native city, and rout them, "horse, foot and dragoons." Hosts of fallacies and calumnies respecting Philadelphia, which have hitherto pursued an unchecked career, will be arrested by the stubborn statistics of this volume, and waste away like a charge of Rupert's cavaliers on the ranks of the Roundheads. Perhaps among the chief of these, is that full-blown and flourishing figment concerning the decline of this port from its former supremacy. The fact that the deep-laden ships of Europe and the Indies no longer anchor at the wharves of this city, is always stated in such a manner as to imply that the energy and enterprize of Philadelphia have dwindled away from their former colossal proportions, and that the town has lagged behind the age, and dropped drowsily into the sleep of Rip Van Winkle. The refutation of this fallacy, which has hitherto lived chiefly from lip to lip among our citizens, Mr. Freedley has now put into an accessible form. The truth is that the alleged decline is more apparent than real. The number of foreign arrivals, and the amount of duties paid at the Custom House, are no index to the imports of this city, for numbers of our merchants find it convenient to have their goods shipped to Philadelphia *via* New York, certain circumstances which this book details, making this a highly economical measure. Is it not a significant fact that Philadelphia importers can sell these very goods so low as to tempt hither numbers of New York and Boston jobbers as purchasers? This may be partially accounted for by the smaller expense of keeping up business establishments in Philadelphia than in other cities; partially by the more favorable connexions with European houses Philadelphia is able to form, on the strength of her superior character for mercantile probity. At any rate, spite of New York's vaunted imports, her jobbers can buy foreign goods cheaper here than of their own neighbors—even with car-fare, freight and other expenses added to the cost!

But a more important reason for the absence of the former array of foreign shipping at our wharves, is that the great bulk of the capital has been employed in the prosecution of an object to which, considering its relation both to the local and national prosperity, a foreign commerce is absolutely a mere triviality. The design is to make Philadelphia the metropolis of the Union by making it the nucleus of Home Industry and American manufactures, and in this vast work the wealth, the enterprise and the energies of our citizens have, for many years past, been steadily employed. To this magnificent scheme, our imposing foreign commerce has been for some time deliberately sacrificed. Philadelphia was once the first commercial city of the continent. The great advantages and capabilities of her port are not in the least impaired in themselves, or depreciated by comparison with others. True, she is an inland city, but so are London and Paris, the great commercial centres of the world. In the waters of her great river the largest vessels of the Navy can float at ease. New York talks loud—but she had to send her big ship—the Cathedral—too large for the shallows of her port—to swim in the broad tides of the Delaware. Three miles of wharves and from four to nine fathoms of water, attest sufficiently the capacities and facilities Philadelphia possesses as a port for foreign commerce. But in the neglect of foreign commerce, lie the causes of her present prosperity, and in that prosperity the germs and promise of her future metropolitan supremacy.

The progress and prosperity of a civilized nation depend largely upon its manufactures. The causes of eminence in manufactures, which are both moral and physical, are chiefly, on the one hand, freedom of industry, security of property, general popular intelligence, an abundance of laborers and of those skilled to direct labor—and on the other, advantageous physical circumstances, such as the possession of the raw materials, the command of the natural means and agents which produce power, (coal, steam-engines, etc.,) the position of the country in relation to others, the right kind of soil and climate, the combination of labor, the conduct of operations on a large scale, and the grouping together of the manufacturing establishments in one district or region. Why these conditions are necessary to eminence in manufactures, Mr. Freedley makes clear to any person to whom the reason is not sufficiently obvious. Of course it follows that but few places in the world can combine in themselves *all* the conditions, moral and physical, which render such localities favorable to general manufactures, but it also follows that Philadelphia is one of these places, and the only place in the Union which unites in itself absolutely *all* of the qualifications necessary to constitute it the central seat of immense manufacturing interests. To prove this assertion we have a mass of statistics—not so large, it is true, as might be collected under more favorable circumstances, but still sufficient. The corporate limits of the city of Philadelphia enclose an area of 120 square miles. Its population is about 600,000, and though this figure is exceeded by New York, Philadelphia contains 23,601 more dwelling houses than that city—a fact which strikingly exhibits the superiority of its domestic accommodations. The gross amount of its wealth may be set down at $450,000,000. The capital invested in manufactures may be understated at $72,500,000: the number of laborers employed at 132,000; the product of their industry at $145,348,738! These figures establish conclusively the position of Philadelphia as an immense manufacturing centre, and also fix the facts of the extent of her labor, her wealth and her population. The intelligence of the masses of the people is attested by the statistics of the Public Schools—304 in number, giving gratuitous tuition to 55,099 pupils at an expense of $456,089 14—as well as by the number of private schools, the immense libraries, the various free scientific and literary institutes, at which lectures and lessons are constantly given, the Polytechnic, Commercial and Girard colleges, and the fifty newspapers, daily and weekly, not to mention fifty other periodicals in general circulation. Add to all this that the general healthfulness, wholesomeness of water, excellence of markets, lowness of rents, and convenience and comfort of the dwellings, render this probably the most desirable residence in the world for artisans and laborers of every degree, and have attracted hither a vast number thereof, and we have the last evidence of the fact that Philadelphia possesses all the *moral* circumstances that conduce to manufacturing eminence. A perusal of the statistics set forth in this volume will also show that she possesses even more obviously the *physical* circumstances that make a site available for manufactures. It has already been said that the great mass of Philadelphia capital which was formerly devoted to foreign commerce, has been given to internal improvements. The railroads alone which intersect every part of the State, traversing the coal regions in all directions, and running out all over the South and West, have cost $135,160,609. The canals have not cost less than $30,000,000. Hundreds of millions have been expended in mining for coal and iron. From the magnitude of these sums the reader may infer the vast scale of the operations in behalf of internal improvements. With regard to proximity to the great commercial centres of trade in the West, Philadelphia has the advantage over both New York and Boston. True, New York has a shorter route than by her own costly railroads to these places—what is it?—*via Philadelphia and Pittsburg!* Then with regard to the cost of the transportation of merchandize: Mr. Freedley demonstrates in the most incontestible manner, that every Western merchant who sends goods for sale to New York or Boston, that could just as well have been sold in Philadelphia—or buys goods in those cities on no better terms than they can be purchased here—transporting these goods by railroad to or from those points, loses from one dollar and seventy-nine cents to eight dollars and ninety-six cents on every ton of first class freight! Send freights from the West by river and canal to Philadelphia, or from Philadelphia to the West, and the saving is from three to ten dollars on the ton. Western products—flour, pork, whiskey, &c., can be shipped to Philadelphia and from hence *half the distance to Liverpool*, for the cost of transporting them to New York! The only practical question then for the Western merchant is, whether he can buy in Philadelphia as cheaply as elsewhere; for even if the terms are the same, the saving in freight gives him an advantage. The facts and figures in this book show that he can—that Philadelphia is the cheapest seller, and the natural depot and distributor of the merchandize wanted at the South and West! New York brags largely, and simple ones are deceived, but these are the facts, and in the long run the facts alone will stand.

But this is a digression from the consideration of the physical advantages of Philadelphia for manufacturing. The first fact is that more than one half of the iron in the Union is from the soil of Pennsylvania. The annual market value of the coal alone dug from her mines exceeds *thirty millions of dollars!* All these coal and iron mines are tributary to Philadelphia. Here then the raw material and the fuel for power are found in immense proportion. But besides, Pennsylvania yields copper, plumbago, zinc, marble, soapstone, slate, salt, porcelain, earth, fire-clay, barium, cobalt, nickel, magnesium, lead, silver, zirconium and potter's clay. More than 300,000,000 feet of lumber floats down her rivers to Philadelphia every spring and fall. Ten million pounds of wool come from the western counties of the State to the city annually. Chemicals are manufactured here in enormous quantities—seventeen million pounds of sulphuric acids yearly, and other acids and alkalies in proportion. In agriculture, the same immense figures prevail, the wheat product exceeding that of any other State. Then in situation Philadelphia has the advantage: not near enough to the sea to suffer injury to her manufacturing and chemical processes from the salt air, yet near enough to have all the advantages of a seacoast port in receiving raw materials and sending away products; besides being connected by railroad, river and ocean with all parts of the Union and all parts of the world. Next we have her climate—temperate, equal, favorable to health, and chemically suitable for all manufacturing processes. Long days, diminishing gas-bills, short, mild winters, sparing fuel, atmospheric qualities favorable to the most difficult and delicate chemical processes, and superior in this respect, experienced chemists say, to any other locality in the Union. Add to this the attested purity of the water—the healthfulness of the city—the abundance of loanable capital—the superiority of the machinery and tools here manufactured—the established reputation of our people for commercial faithfulness and probity—and the opportunities for Art-Culture, evinced by the presence of the finest models in architecture, sculpture and painting, as well as by the numerous distinguished artists who make Philadelphia their abode—and we have before us the collection of circumstances which render this city fit for manufacturing eminence above every other city in the Union. But the cardinal fact of all is that Philadelphia is already a great manufacturing city—doubtless the greatest in the country; and the fact that manufacturing industry has taken so deep a root here, proves the natural adaptability of the place to manufactures. As the great central mart of American manufactures, then, Philadelphia invites the attention of merchants, capitalists, and manufacturers in all parts of the country. Here wealth, skill and enterprise can find the most advantageous field for their operations.

These conclusions Mr. Freedley sustains by an incontestible display of miscellaneous statistics. Let his book be circulated, and the facts it sets forth be pondered on by business men of all classes. It will do much toward enlightening the public mind with regard to the relative position of Philadelphia, a subject upon which much unnecessary misrepresentation prevails.

Among the statistics of the volume we notice the interesting fact that Messrs. Childs & Peterson, the publishers of Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations, paid to the author of that work the sum of sixty-five thousand dollars, as author's proceeds of *the first year's sale!* This is probably a larger amount of copy-right money than was ever paid before for one work in the world.

THE JUDGE AND THE WITNESS.—"Our Brown" of the Boston Post tells a story of one of the southern cities of the Empire State, which he says is as true as any fact in "York State." Judge G. is well known to the bar of the southern counties as a decided "character," and more good stories are told about him than any man on the bench in that region. The judge's manner in court is dogmatic, pragmatic and arrogant, and nothing pleases the bar so well as to see him heartily laughed at. They had a fine chance one day when an Irish witness was on the stand, who, being rather unmanageable, was taken in hand by the judge with a manner which said very plainly "You shall see, gentlemen, how *I* will handle him." "Well, Dennis," said the judge, blandly, "tell me the contents of that chest." "Yes, yer worship," said the witness, eagerly. "First, there was a picture of Dan O'Connell, the great Irish patriot. May be yer honor's heard of him?" "Certainly," said the judge; "go on with the inventory." "Then there was a picture of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. *May be yer honor's heard of Him?*" The unaffected look of inquiry and doubt that accompanied the witness's words set the audience in a roar of laughter; and the judge will never hear the last of it.

☞ Dr. Zohrab, the Sultan's physician, who bore an enthusiastic testimony to the Sultan's good qualities, told Mrs. Hornby that no petition, not backed by a bribe to the minister was ever allowed to reach the Sultan's hand.

☞ No one, says Dean Loker, will ever shine in conversation who thinks of saying fine things. To please, one must say many things indifferent, and many very bad. This last rule of the dean's is rarely violated in society.

☞ THE ILLS THAT FLESH IS HEIR TO.—Of all the world's maladies, the loss of money is the slowest in point of recovery.—*The Victim of a Pickpocket.*

A BERLIN paper says: "Dr. Andre Schleiermacher, one of the greatest scientific notabilities of Germany, died suddenly at Darmstadt on the 11th of July."

THE REV. ELEAZER WILLIAMS, otherwise known as the Dauphin of France, died at his residence on the St. Regis Reservation, in Franklin County, N. Y., on the 28th ult., of dropsy, after a protracted illness.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE FETE AT CHERBOURG—THE COST OF A SALUTE—FIREWORKS AT SEA—AN IMPERIAL VISITATION.

Paris, August 12, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The grand doings at Cherbourg have constituted, as you may well believe, the main topic with editors and public since the date of my last. The most auspicious weather has come to the aid of Civil and Naval Upholstery, and the "spectacles" afforded by Cherbourg and its bay, during the three days of the *fete* just over, are declared by all who were present, to have surpassed all former sights, and to have been something beyond the power of pen and ink to describe! And this may very well have been the case. The harbor of Cherbourg, with its stupendous works, and its background of lofty hills, is admirably fitted to be the scene of a naval pageant: and the unrivalled skill of the French in all matters of display, was sure to make the most of such a theatre for its exercise. The whole affair from beginning to end, appears to have been most capitally organized, and to have "gone off" without a single "hitch."

The Emperor and Empress reached Cherbourg, in the magnificent locomotive palace, built for their conveyance by the railway company, just sufficiently before the arrival of the Royal Squadron from England, (whose appearance was signalled simultaneously with that of the Imperial train,) to allow time for the reception at the station, the "benediction" of the line, engines, &c.; the presentation of the golden keys to the Emperor; the due delivery of the Municipal and Imperial speeches; and the presentation to the Empress of a basket of flowers, and the lace of the district, by thirty beautiful young girls, in the picturesque Breton costume, before the Imperial pair moved off to receive the Queen. The presentation of the basket of lace, is said to have been one of the prettiest "points" in the ceremonial at the station, (which enclosure I need hardly say, was decorated in the most sumptuous manner for the occasion, and filled with the wives of the civil and naval functionaries of the place, and the principal citizens, all in full dress;) but how far the fair Eugenie may have liked the allusion to a similar presentation of "indigenous" lace having been made to the Empress Maria Louisa, on her visiting Cherbourg, is not stated. Probably since Her Imperial Majesty has presented her "lord and master" with "the Child of France," who is about to have a separate establishment, for the fuller development of his youthful person and incipient dignity, such an allusion may have less power to pain than was supposed to be the case before the occurrence of that auspicious event.

As soon as the ceremonies of the Imperial reception were ended, the Emperor and Empress embarked in a beautiful wherry, of the most ornamental build, and with a grand canopy of purple velvet, which the Emperor had caused to be prepared for this occasion, and went on board the magnificent new four-decker frigate, *La Bretagne*, whose completion formed one of the "features" of the "solemnities" this grand gathering was to celebrate. By this time the Royal Squadron had reached the end of the dyke, and was standing in for the interior of the harbor. It had formed at a distance of five miles from Cherbourg, and approached the coast, after a passage of six hours, in beautiful array, forming two splendid files, marching side by side, as evenly as so many spans of well-trained horses, with the Queen's yacht in the centre. As the squadron reached the passage, the royal yacht took the lead, the other ships defiling after her in perfect order, followed by an immense number of private yachts, all as gay as flags could make them.

The French fleet drawn up in a crescent, consisted of nine ships of the line and *La Bretagne*, whose vast proportions towered high above its mates. As the British squadron entered the harbor, the Admiral's frigate (the band on board which played alternately "God save the Queen," and "Partant pour la Syrie,") displayed the French and English flags united; the Queen's yacht hung out the French flag, and the *Bretagne*, whose band played "God save the Queen," hoisted the English flag.

It was now 6 P. M. The shores of the harbor were literally alive with spectators, French and English, all on tip-toe with admiration and expectation; and at the signals displayed by the *Bretagne*, the various preparatory evolutions which so keenly excite the wonder and interest of landsmen, were gone through with by the French ships in the harbor; and "*Bang!*" went the first gun of the salute, breaking in upon the breathless silence which had followed the cheers and *vivats* that had greeted the entrance of the squadron, and succeeded by the guns of the French fleet and fort till the welkin seemed to vibrate with the discharge. Three thousand guns thus thundered forth their welcome, in orderly succession, in the space of one minute and a half, producing an effect of the utmost sublimity, and described by those present as "absolutely overwhelming." No less than twenty-five thousand dollars worth of powder was blown off in this magnificent salute to Queen Victoria; the decks of the ships vibrating as though alive, and the sound reverberating from the face of the hill behind the town, being heard distinctly at Caen, and even, it is asserted, at Havre.

As the echoes of the salute died away, and the dense clouds of smoke floated off into the blue, the Royal flotilla came to anchor in the centre of the French fleet, in the position assigned to each vessel by the corvette which had reconnoitred the ground, for that purpose, on the preceding day. While the Royal fleet was thus taking its moorings, the army of English yachts glided lightly under the bows of the French ships, their crews waving their caps and burrahing to the top of their voices, "enchanted," say the French chroniclers, "with the reception given to their gracious sovereign." The French sailors, it is said, though responding to these enthusiastic greetings of their visitors "whenever their officers gave them the signal so to do," were by no means demonstrative on the occasion.

"Why the d— do we always call the English 'phlegmatic?'" exclaims the especial correspondent of the *Patrie* in describing the scene; "what fire, what enthusiasm these fine fellows always get up, spontaneously, without any drilling; and once up how well they manage to keep up the fire of their demonstrations! In comparison with the crews of these English yachts, our sailors' manifestations seemed cool enough; and the same remark holds good of the French and English in the crowds upon the shore. Such hurraing! such cries of *God save the Queen, and Vive l'Empereur*, as came from English throats, were rather calculated, I assure you, to prove that it is ourselves, and not our friends from across the channel, that merit the epithet 'phlegmatic!'"

As soon as the British squadron had dropped its anchors, the Duke de Malakoff, who was on board the ship of Admiral Lyons, put off in a boat for the *Bretagne*, where he had an audience of the Emperor. Shortly afterwards the Emperor and Empress again entered the imperial yacht, and visited the Queen. The meeting is said to have been exceedingly cordial on both sides. The Emperor and Empress were accompanied in this visit by the Maritime Prefect of Cherbourg, the admiral of the fleet, the Minister of Marine, Marshals Pelissier and Baraguay d'Hilliers, Generals Neil and Mac Mahon, and the Princess d'Essling. With the Queen and Prince Albert were the Prince of Wales, Duke of Cambridge, Earl de la Warr, Sir John Pakington, Lord Malmesbury, Countess Desart, and the Hon. Mary Bulteel.

The Emperor and Empress quitted the Queen's yacht at half-past nine, amidst the roar of the guns of the English flotilla, and in the blaze of the brilliant illumination of all its ships.

It had been rumored that the Queen would not set foot on the French shore; but her Majesty, having accepted the Emperor's invitation to a private lunch at the Hotel de Ville, went ashore next day with her family and suite, and was received by the Emperor at the foot of the steps of the jetty, and by him led up to the pier, where the Empress was awaiting her at the top of the steps. The Queen and Empress embraced one another in most sisterly fashion on meeting, and the assembled crowds shouted "*vive la reine! vive l'Empereur! vive l'Emperatrice!* and *vive le Prince Imperial!*" with equal vigor and good-will. The imperial and royal personages then moved off, in open carriages at a walk to the Hotel de Ville, amidst the *mirats* and crowding of the native and improvised population of Cherbourg.

The Emperor and Empress, the Queen and the three Princes of her family, and the Duke de Malakoff were the only persons at the lunch which was now disposed of at the Hotel de Ville. On its conclusion, the "august" party, in their carriages, drove slowly through the town, and ascended the hill of La Roule, to enjoy the superb view from its top. Half way up the hill they alighted from their carriages, and did the rest of the ascent on foot, to the great delight of the accompanying crowds. The Queen, as I am told by a gentleman of the Emperor's suite, looked remarkably well, and seemed extremely delighted with her reception; as for the Empress, she always looks well in public, being not only, as she really is, exceedingly pretty, but also the very embodiment of graciousness as well as grace, and she, like the Queen, was looking her best on this brilliant occasion.

After this promenade, the Queen and her party entered the imperial yacht, the Emperor and Empress accompanying them to the royal yacht, and then returning to the *Bretagne*, on board which stately ship a grand dinner was given, in the evening, to her Majesty by her imperial hosts. Besides the Queen and Princes, the principal persons of distinction, French and English, to the number of 200, were invited. The dinner, (as were all the supplies provided for this fete) was sent from Paris for the occasion.

The Emperor, in proposing the health of the Queen and Prince Albert, alluded to the misapprehensions that had threatened the good understanding between France and England, and expressed his hope that, "as often as such misapprehensions should occur, they would break against the good sense and good feeling of both countries, as harmlessly as the waves were then breaking against the breakwater at the entrance of the harbor which now offered a place of refuge for the vessels of both in time of storm." Prince Albert, on behalf of the Queen, thanked the Emperor for his good wishes, and expressed his hope that "the friendly sentiments which his Majesty well knew were entertained towards himself and the Empress by the Queen, would continue to prevail between both countries, as the pledge of their mutual happiness and prosperity, and the best guarantee of the peace and progress of the world."

Magnificent fireworks were let off during the evening from the French frigates, the Emperor and his guests coming upon deck to enjoy the brilliance of the scene.

The Queen and her suite left the Bretagne at half-past ten; the town of Cherbourg, the forts, and all the ships in the harbor being superbly illuminated, and producing a wonderfully fine effect.

Next day, at noon, the Royal Squadron took its departure. The Emperor and Empress assisted at the filling of the new basin, hollowed out of the solid rock, and one of the most imposing triumphs of mechanical skill yet achieved; visited some of the finest of the frigates in the harbor, presided at the uncovering of the statue of Napoleon I., (by whose efforts the great works of Cherbourg, commenced by Louis XIV. and Vauban, were carried forward to the point at which the present Emperor took them up), and were present at a ball offered to them in the evening at the Hotel de Ville. The Imperial pair have since visited Brest, and several other points of the Breton and Norman coasts, making liberal donations to the poor, visiting old churches, arsenals, and workshops, and witnessing with the greatest satisfaction the dances of the peasants in the picturesque costumes of those legendary districts. So much interest do they seem to take in the antiquities and peculiarities of the country; that the Prefects have notified the municipal bodies of all the places through which they are to pass in the course of this tour, that the Emperor wishes everywhere to see the people in their own costume, and to witness their old dances and customs in all their purity. Accordingly, in the balls got up in various places in honor of their Majesties' presence, Paris fashions, flounces, and crinoline, which were preparing to come out in force for the happy occasion, are being replaced by the rich and characteristic dresses of the country, much, no doubt, to the refreshment of the Imperial eyes.

Meantime, the preparations, alluded to in my last, for the due observance, according to French ideas, of the national *fete* of the 15th of August, are going forward with all the vigor which, despite the dog-day heat of the last few days, Paris manages to infuse into the work of getting up a gala. On the quays, in the Champs Elysees, about the gardens, a whole population of mountebanks, cake vendors, swing, wooden-horse, target, ball-room and other proprietors, are hammering away at their tents and booths, and improvising all the paraphernalia of a fair with a celerity and ingenuity peculiar to themselves.

As to the preparations for the Governmental part of the fete, viz.: the decoration and illumination of the public buildings, quays, bridges, Place de la Concorde, Champs Elysees, Place des Invalides, Trocadero, Champ de Mars, Place de la Bastille, and Place Vendome, the sight of the forests of painted poles, archways, sham pillars and draperies, miles of wires on which lamps will be hung, and innumerable three cornered pyramidal frames for greasy lampions to smoke away upon, and huge scaffolding, from which the grand pyrotechnic displays will hurl hundreds of thousands of the public money up into the clouds in the shape of Imperial pageants, fiery eagles, Roman candles, and rainbow-rockets, the view of their rough nakedness thus displayed for ten days beforehand in the broad glare of the mid-summer brightness, is somewhat calculated to "take off the edge" of the effect of the "spectacle" itself. On the 14th, a grand Review is to be held by Gen. Magnan, in the Champ de Mars; and next day Paris will be a Paradise for all those who like glare and racket on a large scale; and a Pandemonium for those who do not.

QUANTUM.

TELEGRAPH POETRY.

The telegraphic rejoicings of course have wakened up no small proportion of the poets. We give about the best poems so far written. Longfellow, who of course should celebrate the laying of such a long line, has not yet been heard from.

THE CABLE.

Laid by the "Agamemnon" and "Niagara."

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

'Tis fit the grand old kingly name,
Of which the kingliest poet sings,
Should eastward bear Jove's track of flame,
And link it to the land of kings.

'Tis well Niagara, whose renown
With Freedom mingles evermore,
Should westward lay its burden down,
And chain the world to Freedom's shore.

'Tis done; the angry sea consents—
The nations stand no more apart;
With clasped hands the continents
Feel throbbings of each other's heart.

Speed, speed, the Cable; let it run,
A loving girdle round the earth,
Till all the nations 'neath the sun,
Shall be as brothers at one hearth:

As brothers pledging hand in hand,
One Freedom for the world abroad;
One commerce over every land;
One language and one God!

The following are the two Odes written by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, for the New York Celebration:—

THE CABLE.

AIR—"*Star-Spangled Banner.*"

Oh, say not the old times were brighter times
these,
When banners were torn from the warriors that
bore them;
Oh, say not the Ocean, the storm and the breeze,
Are freest or proudest when war thunders o'er
them,
For the battle's red light grows pale to the sight,
When the pen wields its power, or thought feels its
might.
Now, mind reigns triumphant, where slaughter has
been,
Oh, God bless our President! "God save the
Queen!"

Let the joy of the world in rich harmony rise,
Let the sword keep its sheath and the cannon its
thunder;
Now intellect reigneth from earth to the skies,
And science links nations that war shall not
sunder,
Where the mermaids still weep, and the pearls lie
asleep,
Thought flashes in fire through the fathomless
deep.
Now, mind reigns triumphant where slaughter has
been,
Oh, God bless our President! "God save the
Queen!"

When the sunset of yesterday flooded the West,
Our old mother country lay far in the distance;
But the lightning has struck! We are close to her
breast!
That beautiful land that first gave us existence—
We feel, with a start, the quick pulse of her heart,
And the mother and child are no longer apart,
For mind reigns triumphant where slaughter has
been;
Oh, God bless our President! "God save the
Queen!"

The blood that was kindred throbs proudly once
more,
And the glow of our joy fills the depths of the
ocean;
It thrills through the waves, and it sings on the
shore,
Till the globe to its poles, feels the holy commotion.
Let us join in our might, and be earnest for
light,
Where the Saxon blood burns, let us strive for the
right,
For mind reigns triumphant, where slaughter has
been,
Oh, God bless our President! "God save the
Queen!"

ALL HAIL.

AIR—"*God save the Queen.*"

All hail, across the main!
Thought thrills our cable chain.
Hear! Nations, hear!
Mind is victorious.
Columbia's made glorious.
While God watched over us.
Hear! Nations, hear!

No storms the chain shall break,
Nations our greetings take,
Hear now our call!
Peace speaks from shore to shore,
Good will be evermore,
While this work we adore,
Praise God for all!

HYMN FOR THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

Oh, Jehovah! Oh, Elohim! be the glory all thine
own!
For the stars in wondrous courses are but voices
from Thy throne!
And the sons of mortal dwelling, and the oceans,
as they roll,
All obey Thee—all adore Thee—Master of the Immortal soul!

Thine the chart the Chaldean pondered 'midst his
orient skies unfurled—
Thine the tortured Galileo poised above his
moving world!
Thine Copernicus, enraptured, magnified with dying
praise;
And the adoring Newton saw thee—Ancient of
Creation's Days!

Thine the name, oh, Lord of Wisdom!—Thine
the word of life divine;
First in mystic joy and trembling, marked by the
German Trine:
While the souls of manifier'd Ages, in their old
imperial dress
Walked in grand transfiguration, through the
portals of the Dress!

Lo! the Sunbeam limns our features; Fire and
Air we yoke to toil:
Yea, the Lightnings from Thy footstool we have
chained in hurtless coil!
Thou, oh, God! o'er Franklin bending, gave to
him the electric flame;
And, with "cloven tongues" exultant, Morse declared Thy Holy Name!

Scrolled beneath the sundered ocean, moved by
Lightning's awful pen—
"Glory unto God, the Highest! Peace on Earth!
Good Will to Men!"
Land to land, in mingling currents, sways and
thrills with loving fear:
"Where art thou?" the Old World Whispers; and
the New World murmurs, "Here!"

Here the electric Heart of Nations—here the eternal core of Right:
Radiant from their burning centre, flash the veins
of Freedom's light!
Girt with all the world's great waters—circled far
by all the lands—
Marked by sacred Line and Plummet—God, our
destiny commands!

Father! God! we faint—we falter! Lord of elemental powers!
Grant us that, with God-like wisdom, child-like
humbleness be ours!
Thou hast made mankind vicegerents—o'er the
realms of mind supreme:
Be our hearts Thine earthly altars—be Thy wondrous Love our theme!

DEATH OF GEORGE COMBE.—The London Star announces the death of Mr. George Combe, at Moor-park, Surrey, where he was staying for the benefit of his health. Mr. Combe, who was the great champion of philosophical phrenology, was born in Edinburgh in 1788, where he continued to reside. He was educated for the law, became a writer to the signet, as the Scotch attorneys are called, and practised for twenty years. The opinions of Gall and Spurzheim attracted his notice; he studied them, and being convinced that they had a basis in nature, he pursued the subject, and in 1819 published his observations in "Essays on Phrenology," under the title of "A System of Phrenology," in two volumes. He and others founded the "Phrenological Journal," which was afterwards conducted by his relative, Mr. Cox.

In 1828 he published "The Constitution of Man, Considered in Relation to External Objects." This attracted great attention, and as Mr. Henderson thought so highly of it that he subsequently bequeathed a sum of money to be expended in the production of a very cheap edition of the book. The novelty of the circumstance drew to the subject an additional amount of attention; the cheap edition was a very cheap edition: it sold; caught the ear of the people; edition after edition was exhausted, until at length it has been questioned whether any modern volume, after "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has obtained a larger circulation; 90,500 copies of it have been printed in Great Britain, besides large sales in the United States: translations have also been made into German, French, and Swedish. Mr. Combe was an unwearied laborer, up to almost the last day of his life, in the promotion of education. Throughout a very wide circle—a circle not limited to this country only, but extending to Continental Europe and America—the announcement of Mr. Combe's death will be received not merely as telling of the departure of a man in many respects one of the most remarkable of his generation, but as of the loss of a kind, considerate, zealous friend.

INDIANS FARMING CIVILIZED.—We are informed by Dr. Daniels, of the Sioux Agency, that about 75 of the Sioux Indians have signified their intention to adopt the dress of their pale face brethren, and pursue an agricultural life on their farms or lands near the Agency, where many of them have now from five to ten acres under cultivation. But the greatest step towards civilization is in their requesting Superintendent Cullen to bring a pair of shears to their settlement, in order to cut off their hair! This all uncivilized or half civilized Indians look upon with perfect abhorrence. Unclipped hair, with the Indians, is just as indispensable as the blanket; and a violation of this usage is a forfeiture of Indian character.—*Minnesota Statesman.*

PHILADELPHIA NOMINATIONS.—The People's Party—under which name the Opposition in this city are united—have nominated John W. Ryan for Congress in the First District; renominated R. Joy Morris for Congress in the Second District, and nominated John P. Verree in the Third District, and W. Millward in the Fourth.

Mr. Balch was nominated by that portion of the Fifth Congressional District which lies in Philadelphia. Mr. John Wood was the nominee upon the Montgomery end of the District. The conferees of Montgomery and Philadelphia will meet in the early part of the week to decide which of the gentlemen named shall be the nominee.

☞ HARDSHIP.—Pickled truth.

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

Some time previously a society had been got up in London with the title of *The Aborigines' Protection Society*. A detachment of its missionaries has been sent to Australia. As their credentials bore the names of a number of persons high in rank and office, they were of course received by the colonial government with the utmost deference. No one ventured to question the propriety of sending a corps of kid-glove starvelings to act as mediators between the ruthless cannibal, and the prompt-handed pioneer of civilization. An enterprise more foolish it would have been hard to plan; as it would have been impossible to invent a more mischievous way of transacting it. These agents knew nothing of the customs of the bush; they knew nothing of the perils of the pioneers; they knew nothing of the language of the aborigines. But they *had* salaries of fifteen hundred and two thousand dollars a year to earn; and they must do *something* to earn them. Before they were two months at their stations they had managed through the partly civilized tribes to convey to the *wanild** the impression that "*King George*" had taken them under his especial protection. No matter what they did henceforth, they had "*King George's*" carte blanche. No matter what debt they incurred to justice, "*King George's*" name was good for it. No matter what violence they perpetrated, if the white man only dared to glance toward his fire-arms, "*King George*" would have him hanged. Of course at this time there was no such sovereign; that was merely a generic phrase which the pioneers had long had in use to signify the British monarch, as the term "*Great Father*" is used in America when communicating with the Indians. Meantime it was quite equal to the expression of the mischievous idea. Before the third month of this humanitarian farce was at an end, rapine and murder were sweeping along the frontier like the blaze of an exploding train. Hundreds of cattle were to be met with in the woods, speared; some dead, some dying; whole flocks of sheep were driven off; within some five or six weeks between thirty and forty shepherds were murdered. Generally it may be said that all attacked were murdered; for the Australian aborigine is the most absolute of cowards—never fighting the white man at a less odds than ten or twelve to one. He is moreover, the laziest of the human race; cultivates nothing; never has a single article of supply on hand; and needs no further provocative to cannibalism than a little pressing hunger. What then was the condition of the men free and bond, but mostly bond, who had charge of the flocks and herds, the care of which constituted the occupation of the pioneer class, may be easily imagined. On the one hand there were the stock-owners saying—If you lose your sheep, if you cannot muster your cattle, we will make such of you as are free, pay for them out of your wages; and such of you as are bond we shall flog. On another part there were the Protectors saying—Use fire-arms against the aborigines and you die by the halter. On the third, the aborigines ready with the tomahawk and spear to murder them if they did not resist.

At length when this had been going on for some time, a small band of stockmen, whose herds of cattle lay contiguous, determined on a measure of terrible retribution. They had seen their cattle speared by scores for months, and borne one after another of their murdered companions to the grave. They had sued for protection, and been told that there was "a charm in goodness," "a magic potency in love," which if they would only manifest towards the poor benighted heathen, would surely soften their hearts and bring on a halcyon time. This was said by those who themselves were appropriating the aborigines' hunting-grounds as cattle-runs;—the very root of all the mischief;—and by the "Protectors" their intimates; both one and the other meantime taking good care themselves to run no risk of any private intercourse with the savages. The "Seven Stockmen" then at length resolved to protect themselves, by making an example of one pretty large and murderous horde which infested their vicinity.

The savages had gathered one day at a lonely stock station, where some of these men lived. A messenger was despatched for such others as had leagued for the proceeding. And when all was ready, the "Seven Stockmen" captured and bound (I think it was) twenty seven of the tribe. At this point, with all one's pity for men so cruelly dealt with as these white men were, it seemed impossible to justify the course they took. They bound man, woman, and child; and drove them all like beasts to the slaughter.

By all account the very day itself lowered on the deed. It was a chill, dark, melancholy morning. (I speak strictly according to the impression I received from the published accounts at the time.) The clouds lay in great motionless masses on the sunless sky. Now and then only there passed by a short flaw of wind that was more heard than felt. Not a bird was about. It was one of those deep pauses that we may sometimes notice when the ordinary activities of nature seem to cease, and all around seems to stand still. In former days the tribe had often visited the station, for it was on their own hunting ground: the innocent and the guilty had now come, mingled together; the wilder and more guilty depending partly on the presence of the innocent and more docile, partly on the cruel and imprudent doctrines of "The Protectors" for impunity. But the stern band of avengers, in their inappeasible provocation, bound them all. They took one of the long ropes used for roping cattle, and tied them along it side by side, the rope passing between every two. There was the gross aged man wrist to wrist with the young and tameless brave, who but an hour before was dreaming of many a summer yet to come. There was the aged woman side by side with the young mother carrying her babe. There were the little boy and the little girl wondering no doubt what dread thing was in course; but little conceiving what it would be. I have some faint reminiscence of there being just one girl, between whom and one of the Stockmen there was a feeling of personal regard, excepted. But I am not quite sure of that; or whether he did not give her up.

Away, along the flat; up the gulley; over the hill; and on, on, on through the gloomy woods. If my memory does not deceive me the stern executioners drove them about four miles before reaching the spot chosen for the ghastly slaughter. Then they arrived at a little hollow among the hills; a small flat of a few acres with low wooded hills waiting it on every side. Speedily proceeded the grim business of the day. Of the band of Stockmen some guarded the captives: some undertook the office of executioners. Taking them into the centre of the little plain by one or two at a time, with musket and cutlass, the Stockmen shot and hewed them down. Resist they could not; but awful must have been the screams of the dying, and the shuddering wails of the women who looked on awaiting, and the heart piercing cries of the little children; the appeals and the moans of that day; but from that valley of blood went none alive, but *The Seven Stockmen and their horses*. The butchery over, they seem to have begun for the first time to dread the consequences. They gathered wood and endeavored to consume the evidences of their crime. The magnitude of the slaughter was too great. In particular the bones of one large old man, called "Old Daddy," remained almost perfect.

Information of the massacre speedily reached a Police Magistrate, the nearest, though a long way off. The perpetrators of the dreadful deed were arrested, taken to Sydney, tried, condemned, hung.

I reached Sydney, whither at last my illness compelled me to go, when they lay waiting execution. Profoundly as I execrated the deed they had done, I made an effort to save their lives. But it was unsuccessful. It horrified me to think of such beings going into the presence of God, without years for repentance and preparation. Moreover, I knew that they had been driven onward by almost irresistible forces. Panic-struck by the attitude of the whole body of surrounding aborigines, feeling their own lives in the most imminent danger every hour, they had resorted to this shocking expedient in self-protection. I drew up a petition to the Governor, which was immediately adopted by the editors and settlers who were making an effort to save their lives; pleading that inasmuch as society had neglected to protect them, and had neither constable nor soldier within a hundred miles of them, society had no right to call them to account for protecting themselves as they thought necessary; that what they had done was not against the citizens of the State, but its known and notorious enemies, who (whatever Protectors and the government might assume) meant to be its enemies as far as they dared, that and nothing else, and the men themselves understood their act in that sense, and by no means contemplated the crime of murder as legally definable. That it was in short an act of border war against the bona fide enemies of the State. But it availed not. They expiated their crime with their lives. Had they confined their vengeance to the men, and not destroyed the helpless women and the poor little children, they would probably have escaped the extreme penalty. They were miserably defended. The only barrister who could have saved their lives was dead. And instead of their defence being founded on the bold incontestible first principles of law, it was a mere budget of technical quibbles and objections which the sycophant court could overrule.

But the worst part of the case on all hands is yet to be added. The Protectors, still untaught the sure consequences of their rash and ignorant interference, paraded this severe punishment of the Stockmen to the aborigines as proof incontestible of their own influence, and of their and *King George's* determination to stand by the wild man through every extremity. And then out burst the flames of savage outrage worse than ever. The pioneers saw it; saw their own helplessness. Yet—*something must be done*. At plenty of the sheep stations there was corrosive sublimate, used for a skin disease of the sheep. Presently it was rumored that the aborigines on the frontier were dying in the woods by scores, after eating of the white men's bread. Possibly this reached the ears of the Protectors; and at last along with other circumstances induced a better comprehension of the case. For shortly afterwards matters fell back into their ordinary train; only the Protectors still keeping their local position, their titles, and their salaries.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* Maat—wild.

NOBODY CAN HAVE SEEN IT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF G. F. GRUPPE.

Fast down the staircase singing,
With flying feet I past;
Quick up the staircase springing,
He came, and caught me fast;
And the stairs are dark and dim,
Many a kiss I had from him,—
And nobody can have seen it.

Down into the hall demurely—
The guests were assembled there,
My cheeks flushed hot, and surely
My lips did their tale declare.
I thought they looked at me, every one,
And saw what we together had done,—
Yet nobody could have seen it.

The garden its sweets displaying
Beckoned me out of doors;
The welcome call obeying,
I hastened to look at the flowers.—
There blushed the roses all around,
There sang the birds with merry sound,
As if they all had seen it.

—*Journal of Music*

NATIVE IDEA OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.—The common people of Hindostan never had any very intelligent comprehension of what the Company meant. I recollect asking an intelligent yeoman, who paid his annual hundred rupees or more of revenue to the State, who the Company was? He said, "I don't know much about the matter, but she is a female of some sort."—*Rankes's Notes on the Indian Revolt.*

MARRIED LIFE OF LITERARY MEN.

Sir Walter Scott was a literary man of the very highest class; a man who tried many departments of writing, and succeeded in them all—and he was married for thirty years, made a love match, and was happy in the marriage state. Southey was a fortunate and happy husband. Home was all in all to him, whereas it can be nothing, or worse than nothing, to a man who is miserably married. He married a second time, his second wife being a lady of literary standing, and both were happy. Mr. Cooper, who was one of the most successful of writers, was happily married, and his domestic life was singularly free from trouble. Lamartine is well known to have married fortunately in all respects. Moore's wife was one of the noblest creatures that ever lived. She made her husband's home happy. He was never tired of writing of her excellence. If Shelley's first marriage—the marriage of a boy and a girl, who knew nothing of human life—was unfortunate, his second marriage can be quoted as a model union. Wordsworth made a love match, and his love was lasting as his home was blessed. Professor Wilson of *Blackwood* memory, made a happy marriage, and his wife is said to have exercised more influence over him than any other person. Her death was the greatest misfortune he ever knew. Dr. Johnson, whose wife was old enough to be his mother, with some years to spare, found nothing unpleasing in the marriage state. His last biographer says he "continued to be under the illusions of the wedding-day till the lady died, in her sixty-fourth year," the husband being but forty-three. Sir Walter Raleigh was the first literary man of his day, after Shakspeare and Bacon, and at middle life he married a beautiful woman eighteen years his junior; and the marriage was productive of much happiness. We know but little of Shakspeare's life—a very strong presumptive proof that he lived well; but what little we do know is sufficient to show that, though he married, when a boy, a woman eight years his senior, he was not unhappy as a husband. "With this fact in view," says Mr. Halliwell, alluding to her superior years, "and relying on very uncertain personal allusions in his plays and sonnets, it has been conjectured that Shakspeare's marriage was not productive of domestic happiness. For this opinion not a fragment of direct evidence has been produced, and on equally potent grounds might we prove him to have been jealous, or in fact to have been in his own person the actual representative of all the passions he described in the persons of his characters. But 'his wife and daughter did earnestly desire to be layed in the same grave with him,' as the clerk informed Dowdall, in the year 1693." This last fact is a fine illustration of Sir Thomas Browne's idea of the pleasure that unsatisfied affections feel in the thought that they shall mingle their ashes with the ashes of those whom they love, and touch in their urns.

The list of happy marriages made by literary men might be almost indefinitely extended. Many living Americans could be named who have had no occasion to regret that they have "given hostages to fortune," but the matter is too delicate to be pursued in detail with regard to the living. The reason why it is so generally believed that literary men must be miserable husbands, is to be found in the unpleasing fact that some few of their number have married unhappily, and that there has been a great deal said about their domestic infelicities, either by themselves or by others. If the truth were known, we suspect it would be seen that it is not necessary for a man to be a scholar and an author to make an imprudent marriage. All marriages out of the literary classes are not necessarily happy ones, any more than all marriages in those classes are necessarily unfortunate; but other men do not attract so much attention as your novelists, poets, and so forth; nor are common men fond of making their domestic woes subjects for their pens and tongues. It may be true that literary men do wrong to marry; but it is true only in the sense that all men do wrong who marry, which seems to have been the deliberate opinion of so good a man and so profound a philosopher as Thales. But what an idea it is, that the very first civil and religious institution made by God after the creation of man and woman, and one necessary for the virtuous continuance of humanity, should not only be unadapted to the condition of the human race, but should be found specially calculated to develope misery for the most cultivated members of that race!

A word or two for poor Xantippe, whose name has become a convertible term for shrew and scold. Perhaps there is nothing but justice in the common estimation of her character. But had she no cause to be angry with her husband? Socrates was an astonishing man, but astonishing men generally make indifferent husbands, and your great reformer is too often a small creature at home. Socrates had "a mission," and he went about Athens questioning and cross-questioning people until he had made a nuisance of himself, and enemies of all men, save a few philosophic bores—and finally he was got rid of through means of a dose of hemlock, which he had brewed for himself. This was a very reprehensible proceeding on the part of the Athenians, but it was not quite so unprovoked as is generally supposed. Now, a man cannot reform the world, and take care of his own household. Instead of minding his own business, which was that of a statuary, or stone-cutter, he must needs take to remodelling blockheads, a most dangerous pursuit, as it bears immediately upon the feelings of the great majority of men. Then it is not remunerative. Socrates got low in the world. He was poor indeed. He hadn't a shirt to his back, and it is a matter of record, that he went barefoot in the dead of winter. It is not at all probable that his family fared better than himself. It is not the way with philosophers to treat others better than they treat themselves. They think their duty to society requires them to look very sharp after a liberal supply of butter for their own bread, which bread is always of the very best flour, and capitally made—at other men's expense. Mrs. Socrates probably bore with this state of things as long as she could bear with it, but when the house rent long remained unpaid, when the butcher and baker and grocer were sent empty away, when her crinoline collapsed for the want of sustenance, when the gas was turned off, and when there was not a stick of wood or a hod full of coal left—then she broke out, as it was her duty to do, and liberally gave her husband a piece of her mind, renewing the gift frequently; and as Socrates happened to have the speaking and writing portion of Athenian society on his side, they gave her a bad character, which has endured, like that which Thucydides gave to Cleon. There is, indeed, nothing like a bad character for permanence. It "wears" long and "washes" well. That Xantippe was only, at the worst, asserting the real "rights of women," is plain on the face of things, and we have the evidence of Socrates' own works, as reported by his friend and disciple Xenophon, that she was a woman of excellent domestic qualities on many points: and Socrates was a truthful man in words, and would not have praised her if she had not deserved his praise. Her name and memory should be vindicated by some competent scholar.

THE FIRST PRINTED BOOK.

BY W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

[The *first printed book*, it is said, was produced by Faust and Schoeffer, at Mentz, August 14, 1457.]

With musing brow and thoughtful eye,
The printers sit in their secret room—
And the marvellous letters about them lie,
And the mystic press stands apart in the gloom;
Before them spreads each dainty line
Of the Book just born of their subtle thought:
Arise, oh, moon! let thy lustre shine
On the wondrous work their brains have wrought!
Oh, World, take heed! we sow the seed—
Oh, World, beware when the millions read!

Shine out, oh, moon! on the printed book—
The first-begotten from yonder press—
Into the dusky chamber look,
And gild with thy glow the great success!
Light up the pale wan brow, and fire
The sunken eye—light up the soul
Of the printer! ay, his brain inspire
With the victor's joy who wins the goal!
Oh, World, take heed! we sow the seed—
Oh, World, beware when the millions read!

Brother! oh, brother! my heart is alight
With burning thoughts! Oh, happy man!
The cloud, and the storm, and the shadowy night
Shall surely vanish. Ha! ha! we plan
A noble work for the coming Time,
To carry the torch from hand to hand:
Methinks the bells of the Future chime
Triumphal music in every land!
Oh, World, take heed! we sow the seed—
Oh, World, beware when the millions read!

No more shall Wisdom meanly lurk
In the scholar's cell—nor poet's strain,
Nor sage's thought in secret work—
Brain shall responsive speak to brain!
The humblest hind in the lowliest cot,
Shall bless the page where genius gleams
With a light and a glory unforgot,
And lap his soul in the bravest dreams!
We sow the seed, but, World, take heed—
Oh, World, beware when the millions read!

Oh, God! may our Work be never abused
To speed afar the prolific lie;
For with noble, tender fancies graced,
And generous thoughts, 'twill never die!
Let Truth live sparkling in every line—
Let Virtue brighten o'er each page;
Then shall the Press be a Thing Divine—
The priest and prophet of every Age!
Oh, World, take heed! we sow the seed—
Oh, World, beware when the millions read!

'Twill bless with a thousand joys the world;
For when the flag of the Free's unfurled,
And when the strong are cow'd by the weak,
When Genius dares its crown to seek,
When Poverty gains a helping hand,
When Angels in the silence stand,
And Truth, and Faith, and Hope have birth
Spontaneous over the happy Earth,
All men—all times—shall heartily bless
The Work achieved by the Printing Press!
Oh, World, take heed! we sow the seed—
Oh, World, beware when the millions read!

HARD ON THE "STARS."—The following conversation occurred between a theatrical manager and an aspirant for Thespian honors:

Manager—What is your pleasure?

Applicant—An eng-ga-gement at you-your theater.

Manager—But you stammer.

Applicant—Like Betterton.

Manager—You are very small.

Applicant—Like Kean.

Manager—You speak monotonous.

Applicant—Like Macready.

Manager—And through the nose.

Applicant—Like Booth.

Manager—And you make faces.

Applicant—Like Burton.

Manager—You have badly shaped legs.

Applicant—Like Wallack.

Manager—And brawny arms.

Applicant—Like Forrest.

Manager—And an obese person.

Applicant—Like Blake.

Manager—But you unite the defects of all these artists.

Applicant—Th-th-that's just it. If you eng-gage me, you will need no s-s-stars at all.

A DELICIOUS BEVERAGE.—I heard, says Thomas Sedden, a capital story, at Mr. B——'s, of a dandified *attache* at Constantinople, who travelled into Koordistan, intending to copy Layard, and write a book. He was what he called *roughing* it, with six or seven horses carrying his necessaries, *i. e.* a few things he could not possibly do without. Among them were the wooden frames for cleaning his boots and shoes, and a case of bottles, of a peculiarly fine varnish, for his polished leathers. He was attacked by the Arabs, who overhauled his kit. When they came to the bottles, they opened them; and the varnish being made with Madeira, and scented with all sorts of good things, it smelt so nice that the thieves thought it must be something to drink. In vain did he explain that it was paint for his boots. They were sure that it was too delicious for that; and, in order to try, he should drink some: so they took out one of his own cut-glass tumblers, and made him drink a glass of his own boot varnish!

INHERITED PECULIARITIES—A SAD STORY.

In one of the New England States I know a lad, now about twelve or thirteen years of age, whose condition is a most remarkable demonstration of the natural law that the child is a very faithful copy of the parents.

The boy is a natural drunkard. From his birthday to the present moment, he has given all the outward indications of being deeply drunk; and yet, so far as I know, or think it probable, he has never swallowed a drop of ardent spirits in his life. Though in good, sound health, he has never been able to walk without staggering. His head is always upon his breast, and his speech is of that peculiar character which marks persons in a very low stage of intoxication. If, nevertheless, in the midst of his mutterings and reelings, something is said to him in a way to pass through the thick atmosphere of his intellectual being, and penetrate his mind, he at once rouses, like a common tippler, and gives proof enough that he is not wanting in native talents, however his mental faculties are enshrouded. His disposition, also, seems to be extremely amiable. He is kind to every one around him, and I may add, he is not only pitied for his misfortune, but, in spite of his lamentable condition, regarded with uncommon interest. He is looked upon as a star of no mean magnitude, obscured and almost blotted out by the mist in which he is doomed to dwell, till he shall pass from the present state of existence to another.

Now, as I understand the law of hereditary descent, there is nothing unnatural in this boy's case. Every individual ever born is governed by the same principle, which caused them to be what he is. Prior to marriage, his father had been a secret but confirmed inebriate; and when the fact became known to the gentle and sweet spirited being, who, but a few moments before, had become his wife, the revelation was made suddenly, and in a way the most impressive and appalling. One night, when he was supposed to be the most unimpeachable of husbands, he staggered home, broke through the door of his sleeping apartment, and fell down on the floor in a state of wretched inebriation. For weeks he wallowed in misery. During the next six or seven months, seeing that his domestic reputation had been forfeited, he kept up almost a continuous scene of intoxication. When, at the end of this period, it was told him that he was "the husband of a mother," he reeled and staggered on without abatement. Months passed away; but there occurred no change in the habits of the poor inebriate. It was at once discovered, however, that there was something singular in the appearance of the child.

When it was three months old, there began to be some strange speculations respecting it among the people. At the age of six months, these speculations had settled down into a very general opinion, but not a word was said to the disconsolate woman, who had also begun to have her own forebodings. At last, as she was one evening looking upon her child, and wondering what could be the reason of its strange conduct, the terrible idea flashed upon her soul, "My child is a natural drunkard!" She shrieked aloud; and her husband, who happened to be within hearing, came to her. She fell upon his neck, and exclaimed, "Dear husband, our little George is born a—". She could proceed no further, but swooned away in her husband's arms.

From that hour the father of the boy never tasted a drop of spirits. The sight of his eyes and the heavings of his heart entirely cured him of his habit. He seldom looks upon his unfortunate little George without shedding a tear over that sin which entailed upon him a life of obscurity and of wretchedness. He has lived, I rejoice to add, so as to redeem his character; and he is now the father of five children, all of whom are bright, and beautiful, and lovely, excepting only the one whose destiny was thus blasted.

This principle of inheriting traits and characteristics, however, is susceptible of an indefinite number of illustrations. It has become a proverb, and it is sustained by all history and observation, that libidinous connections are uniformly marked by a strong tendency to improper passions, while the subsequent sons and daughters of the same parentage, where thorough repentance has taken place, are in general virtuous.

LORD NORTH.

The following sketch of Lord North, the prime minister of George III., whose tyrannical measures towards this country led to the war of the Revolution, is taken from a review of Macknight's life of Edmund Burke:

Since the spectacle of "Nero fiddling while Rome was burning," perhaps no greater contrast has been seen than that exhibited by the jolly good humor of Lord North, on the one hand, and the stern severity, on the other, of the measures he adopted against this country, and the intensity of the suffering he inflicted upon its inhabitants. Mr. Macknight thus sketches the prime minister:

"In his personal appearance, there never was a minister less graceful. He was more than awkward—he was ridiculously ungainly. His tongue was too large for his mouth, which opened very slowly. His eyes were too big for his head, though these optical organs were constitutionally deficient in power. His body set all proportion at defiance. Every motion was a roll, every expression a caricature. He had not yet obtained the blue ribbon, which, in later years, so constantly adorned his corpulent and unwieldy person, singling him out from his colleagues, and appearing to attract towards him all the thunderbolts of the opposition. Neither had he yet grown so short sighted as when, some years later, he carried the wig of a stooping colleague down the House on the point of his sword, and saw not the feat of arms he had performed, until the laughter from all sides greeted this unprecedented ministerial achievement. But, always goggling, snoring, and laughing, slovenly in dress and abstracted in manner—enjoying the jokes against himself, and habitually joking at other people—it was scarcely possible to imagine a more ludicrous embodiment of the dignity which is supposed to belong to the first minister of a great empire, and the tried leader of an enduring ministry."

When the news arrived in England that blood had been shed by British troops in the streets of Boston, and Burke made one of his most earnest and eloquent speeches on a motion for censure of the ministry, the first minister of the Crown dropped off to sleep. His slumber was only disturbed by the laughter which arose when William Burke, who supported his kinsman in the debate, regretted that none of the minister's colleagues had one of Swift's flappers, to keep him awake to American affairs. He could rouse up to correct a false quantity in a Latin quotation, a greater crime then—perhaps now—in the British Parliament, than the shedding of innocent blood; or, after a vehement denunciation of his cruelty in hiring foreign mercenaries to fight against Englishmen, or employing Indian allies, who scalped women and children, he would rise and, by a few witty words, turn the laugh against his indignant adversaries. Even "under the strong reprobation which subsequent disgraces and disasters called forth, he still kept his temper, and answered every grave remonstrance with a pleasant joke." There came news, however, which sobered even Lord North. It was of the surrender of Cornwallis:—

"Nearly five weeks after the surrender of Yorktown, a hackney-coach was seen on a Sunday morning, the twenty-fifth of November, leaving the door of Lord Germaine's mansion in Pall Mall. In that humble vehicle was the noble Secretary himself. He was driving during church time to communicate to his colleagues the disastrous intelligence which had just arrived at the War Office, in Whitehall. He first called on Lord Stormont, in Portland Place; and thence the two ministers drove to the residence of the Lord Chancellor, in Great Russell street. The bold Thurlow, though the keeper of the royal conscience, was not at his public devotions. These high officials jumped into the same hackney coach, of which the driver was, at least, in luck that morning, and the three ministers went in a body to the official residence of their chief, in Downing street. The easy temper which had buoyed up Lord North amid the ruin which his policy had inflicted on the country, at last gave way. He saw at a glance the enormity of the crimes he had committed. He saw that no royal favor could at last shield him from the deserved reprobation of all future generations in both hemispheres. The news was to him like the receipt of a bullet in his bosom. He stretched forth his arms, and paced wildly to and fro, exclaiming repeatedly, in the deepest agony of mind, 'O God! it is all over.'"

His last appearance upon the stage in this biography is more characteristic. Compelled to resign his office by the disastrous news from America, he went down to the House, and conveyed the intelligence in the brief words, "The present administration is no more." The House, immediately after, adjourned, but, as this early adjournment could not have been anticipated, no member but Lord North had a carriage in waiting. The night was bitterly cold; heavy flakes of snow were falling, and the keen winds were whistling through the branches of the trees near the old Abbey. "He passed through the crowd of his enemies, who were waiting for vehicles to convey them to their clubs and firesides, and, on driving off, the fallen minister, with a last gleam of that good temper which had so often shone serenely amid the disasters he had brought upon his country, exclaimed 'Good-night, gentlemen; you see what it is to be in the secret.'"

AN ENGLISH LADY'S EXPERIENCE IN AMERICA.—A travelled London lady gives the following incident, among others, to a circle of admiring friends, on her return from America:

"I was a dinin' haboard a first-class steamboat on the Hoeigho river. The gentleman next me, on my right, was a southerner, and the gentleman on my left was a northerner. Well, they gets into a kind of discussion on the habbolition question, when some 'igh words harix.

"'Please to retract, sir,' said the southerner.

"'Won't do it,' said the northerner.

"'Pray ma'am,' said the southerner, 'will you 'ave the goodness to lean back in your chair?'

"'With the greatest pleasure,' said I, not kno'in' what was a comin'. When what does my gentleman do but whips out a 'oss pistil as long as my harm, and shoots my left'and neighbor dead! But that wasn't hall, for the bullet, comin' out of the left temple, wounded a lady in the side. She huttered an 'orrifick scream.

"'Pon my word, ma'am,' said the southerner, 'you needn't make so much noise about it, for I did it by mistake.'

"'And was justice done?' asked a horrified listener.

"Hinstantly, dear madam, answered Miss L——. The cabin passengers set right to work and lynched him. They 'ung 'im in the lamp chains, right hover the dinin' table, and then finished the dessert. But for my part, it quite spoiled my happatite."

WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.—Mr. Deputy Lott, in a paper lately read before the Middlesex Archæological Society, stated as the result of an examination of the civic records, that the story of Whityngton (as the name should be spelt) and his cat has no foundation in fact. So far from being of obscure or poor parentage, or a barelegged boy, Sir Richard was the son of Sir William Whityngton and Dame Joan, his wife, as appears by the charter of Foundation of Whityngton College, made by his executors in 1424. He owed his wealth chiefly to the coal trade. The story of the cat cannot be traced further back than to the time of Queen Elizabeth, 150 years after Whityngton's death. It seems to have arisen from the fact that cats fetched a high price in America when it was first colonised by the Spaniards. Two cats, we are told, were taken out as a speculation to Cuyaba, where there was a plague of rats, and they were sold for a pound of gold. Their first kittens fetched each thirty pieces of eight, the next generation not more than twenty, and the price gradually fell as the colony became stocked with these. The elder Almagro is said to have given 600 pieces of eight to the person who presented him with the first cat which was brought to South America.

OH, PLEDGE ME NOT WITH WINE.

BY JOSIE E. HUNT.

Oh, pledge me not with wine, dear love!
I shrink from its ruddy glow;
And white and cold a deathly fear
Drops into my heart like snow.

Oh, pledge me not with wine, dear love!
Through its mist of rosy foam
I count the beats of a broken heart—
I see a desolate home.

Oh, pledge me not with wine, dear love!
I shiver with icy dread;
Each drop to me is a tear of blood
That sorrowful eyes have shed.

I have a picture laid away
Under the dust of years,
Come look on it, and your heart will break,
Like a summer cloud, in tears.

Night, and a storm of autumn sleet—
A hearth without fire or light—
A woman—an angry man—a door
That opens into the night—

Hot hands that cling to the crazy latch,
Lips rigid and white with pain—
A curse—a blow—and a wailing babe
Borne out in the wind and rain—

A woman dead, with her long, loose hair
Soaked wet in the weeping storm,
And her pallid arms half fallen back
From a baby's waxen form.

A woman dead in the pitiless rain;
And, sparkling on the sand,
Dear God!—a golden marriage ring,
Dropped loose from her wasted hand.

A white moon striving through broken clouds,
A horrified man at prayer—
The cry of a passionate heart's remorse
And a passionate heart's despair.

This is the picture laid away
Under the dust of years;
For this does the red wine look to me
The flowing of bloody tears.

Oh, pledge me not, though the wine is bright
As the rarest light that flows
Through the sunset's cloudy gates of fire
Or the morning's vein of rose.

Put down the cup! It is brimmed with blood,
Crushed, throbbing, from hearts like mine!
For hope, for peace, and for Love's dear sake,
Oh, pledge me not with wine!

A WOMAN'S LOVE,
AND A WIFE'S DUTY.

BY MRS. A. OPIE.

I am only too painfully aware, my dear friend, that in my history of a "Woman's Love," I have related none but very common occurrences and situations, and entered into minute, nay perhaps uninteresting details. Still, however common an event may be, it is susceptible of variety in description, because endlessly various is the manner in which the same event affects different persons. Perhaps no occurrence ever affected two human beings exactly in the same manner; but as the rays of light call forth different hues and gradations of color, according to the peculiar surfaces on which they fall, so common circumstances vary in their results and their effects, according to the different natures and minds of those to whom they occur.

My trials have been, and will no doubt continue to be, the trials of thousands of my sex; but the manner in which I acted under them, and their effect on my feelings and my character, must be peculiar to myself. And on these alone, I can presume to found any expectation of affording to you, while you read, the variety which keeps attention alive, and the interest which repays it.

In the same week which made me a bride, Ferdinand de Walden left England, unable to remain near the spot which had witnessed the birth of his dearest hopes, and would now witness the destruction of them.

I could have soothed in a degree the "pangs of despitefulness," by assuring him that I was convinced nothing but a prior attachment could have prevented my heart from returning his love. I could have told him, that I seemed to myself to have *two hearts*; the one glowing with passionate tenderness for the object of its first feelings, the other conscious of a deep-rooted and well-founded esteem for him. But it was my duty to conceal this truth from him, as such an avowal would have strengthened my hold on his remembrance, and it was now become his duty to *forget*.

My mother, not very long after my marriage, wounded my feelings in a manner which I could not soon recover. I was speaking of De Walden with that warmth of regard which I really felt for him, and lamenting that I should probably now see him no more, when, with a look of agony for which I was not prepared, she begged me never to mention the name of De Walden to her again; for that her only chance of being able to reconcile herself to the marriage which I *had made*, was her learning to forget the one which she had *so ardently desired*.

Eagerly indeed did I pledge my word to her, that I would in future, *never name De Walden*.

The first twelve months of my wedded life were halcyon days; and the first months of marriage are not often such,—perhaps they never are, except where the wedded couple are so young that they are not trammelled in habits which are likely to interfere with a spirit of accommodation; nor even then, probably, unless the temper is good and yielding on both sides. It usually takes some time for the husband and wife to know each other's humors and habits, and to find out what surrender of their own they can make with the least reluctance for their mutual good. But we had youth, and (I speak it not as a boast) we had good temper also. Seymour, you know, was proverbially good-natured; and I, though an only child, had not had my naturally happy temper ruined by injudicious indulgence.

You know that Seymour and I went to Paris, and thence to Marseilles, not very long after we married, and returned in six months, to complete the alterations which we had ordered to be made to our house, under the superintendence of my mother.

We found our alterations really deserving the name of improvements, and Seymour enthusiastically exclaimed, "Oh, Helen! never, never will we leave this enchanting place. Here let us live, my beloved, and be the world to each other!"

My heart readily assented to this delightful proposition, but even then my judgment revolted at it.

I felt, I *knew* that Pendarves *loved* and was *formed for* society. I was sure, that by beginning our wedded life with total seclusion, we should only prepare the way for utter distaste to it; and, concealing my own inclinations, I told him I must stipulate for three months of London every spring. My husband started with surprise and mortification at this *un-romantic* reply to his sentimental proposal, nor could he at all accede to it: but he complained of *my passion* for London to my mother, while the country with *me* for his companion was quite sufficient for *his* happiness.

"*These are early times yet*," replied my mother coldly; and Seymour was not satisfied with the mother or the daughter.

"Seymour," said I one day, "since you have declared against keeping any more terms, and will therefore not read much law till you become a justice of the peace, pray, tell me how you mean to employ yourself?"

"Why, in *the first place*," said he, "I shall read or write. But my *first* employment shall be to teach you Spanish. I cannot endure to think that De Walden taught you Italian, Helen."

"But you taught me to love, you know, therefore you ought to forgive it."

"No, I cannot rest till I also have helped to complete your education."

"Well, but I cannot be learning Spanish all day."

"No; so perhaps I shall set about writing a great work."

"The very thing that I was going to propose, though not exactly a great work. What think you of a life of poor Chatterton, with critical remarks on his poems?"

"Excellent! I will do it."

And now having given him a pursuit, I ventured to indulge some reasonable hopes that home and country might prove to him as delightful as he fancied that they would be; and what with studying Spanish, with building a green-house, with occasional writing, with study, with getting together materials for this life, and writing the preface, time fled on very rapid pinions; and after we had been married two years, and May arrived a second time, Seymour triumphantly exclaimed, "There, Helen! I believe that you distrusted my love for the country; but have I once expressed or felt a wish to go to London?"

"The Ides of March are come, but not gone," I replied; "and surely if I wish to go, you will not deny me."

"No, Helen, certainly not," said he in a tone of mortification; "if I am no longer all-sufficient for your happiness."

Alas! in the ingenuousness of my nature, I gave way when he said this to the tenderness of my heart, and assured him that my happiness depended wholly on the enjoyment of his society; and I fear it is too true that men soon learn to slight what they are sure of possessing. Had I been an artful woman, and could I have condescended to make him doubtful of the extent of my love, by a few woman's subterfuges; could I have feigned a desire to return to the world, instead of owning, as I did, that all my enjoyment was comprised in home and him; I do think that I might have been for a much longer period the happiest of wives; but then I should have been, in my own eyes, despicable as a woman; and I was always tenacious of my own esteem.

May was *come*, but not *gone*—when I found my husband was continually reading to me, after having read to *himself*, the accounts in the papers of the gaieties of London.

"What a tempting account this is, Helen, of the Exhibition at Somerset-House! I should like to see it. Seeing pictures is an elegant rational amusement. And here are soon to be a ball and supper at Ranelagh. A fine place Ranelagh for such an entertainment."

Here he read a list of routs and cotillion balls at different places; but one day he read with infinite mortification, that our uncle, Mr. Pendarves, had given a ball on the return of his son-in-law to parliament.

"How abominable," cried Seymour, "for my uncle to give a ball, and not invite us to go up to it!"

"You forget," replied I, "that, knowing our passion for the country, and that we had abjured the world, he did not like to ask us, because he knew he should be refused."

"I am not so sure he would have been refused, Helen; or, as to having abjured the world—no, no, we are not such fools as to do that—are we, my dearest girl?"

"We are bound by no vows, certainly; and as soon as retirement is become irksome to you, we can go to London."

"Did I say that retirement was grown irksome? Oh, *fy*! such an idea never entered my thoughts: besides, as this fine ball is over, what should we go to London for?"

"There may be *other* fine balls, and fine parties, you know."

"True: but really, Helen, I begin to believe you wish to go to London."

"If you do, I do *certainly*."

"I? Not I, indeed! Ah, Helen! I suspect you are not ingenuous with me; and you do wish to go."

I only smiled; but I soon found that the book did not get forward—that the newspapers were anxiously expected—and that my Spanish master sometimes forgot his task in the indulgence of reverie: and I debated within myself whether it would not be for our interest and our domestic comfort to propose to go to London, in order to conceal from him as long *as I could*, that I was not sufficient for his happiness, and that he would live and die a *man of the world*. I was the more ready to do this, because I wished that my mother should not see my empire was on the decline. Why did I so wish? I hoped it was because I was desirous to spare her any anxiety for my peace; but I fear it also was because I did not like that she should have cause to suspect her choice for me was likely to have proved a better one than my own. (I believe I have observed before how strong my conviction is, that there is scarcely such a thing in nature as a *single motive* of action.)

I therefore, in the presence of my mother, hinted a wish to go to London for six weeks. She started, and looked suspiciously at Pendarves; while he, with an odd mixture of surprise, joy, and mortification in his countenance, exclaimed—

"Do I hear right, Helen? Are you, after all you have declared, desirous of going to London?"

"I am; 'Variety is charming,' says the proverb: and here, you know, it is *toujours perdrix*."

"Well, there, madam," said Pendarves, turning to my mother, "you will now, I hope, believe what I assured you of some time ago, that Helen had a passion for London."

"*C'est selon*," replied my mother, "to use a French phrase in answer to Helen's;" and darting, as she spoke, a penetrating glance at me.

"I assure you," replied I, "that my wish to go to London originates with *myself*, as I believe that this journey to the metropolis is the *wisest* as well as the most *agreeable* thing I could desire."

My mother sighed, and a "Well, my child, I have no reason to doubt your word," broke languidly from her lips, while she suddenly rose and left the room.

"And are you *really* in earnest, Helen?" said Pendarves.

"Never more so; and unless my proposal is very distasteful to you, I beg you will write directly, and engage lodgings."

"Distasteful? Oh, no! quite the contrary. I shall be *proud* to exhibit my lovely wife in London, where no doubt she will be as much admired as she was abroad. Do you think," he affectionately added, "that I have forgotten the exquisite pleasure I experienced at seeing you the object of general attraction wherever you moved?"

This was said and felt kindly; still it did not inspire me with that confidence which it seemed likely to inspire; for *I*, though I was conscious of my husband's personal beauty, had no vanity to gratify, in exhibiting him to the London world. I had no wish to be the most *envied* of women—it was sufficient for me to know that I was the *happiest*; and I thought that if Pendarves loved as truly as I did, the consciousness of his happiness would have been sufficient for him. Still I am well aware how wrong it is to judge the love of others, according to our own capability of loving. As well and as justly might we confine beauty, or the power of pleasing, to one cast of features or complexion. All persons love after a manner of their own; and woe must befall the man or woman who expects to be loved according to their own way and their own degree of loving, without any consideration for the different character and different feelings of the beloved object.

"How absurd I am!" said I to myself, after I had shed some weak tears in the solitude of my chamber, because Pendarves did not love me, I found, as I loved him. "How absurd! True, *he* delights in the idea of exhibiting *me*, and *I* have no wish to exhibit *him*. After all, he loves more *generously* than I do, and my selfishness is nothing to be proud of."

Thus I reasoned with myself, and tried to fortify my mind to bear the cares and the dangers which I had on principle provoked.

"One word, Helen," said my mother, when she was alone with me after what had passed relative to my projected journey, "are you sure, my dear child, that in urging your husband to go to London, you have acted wisely?"

"As sure as the consciousness of my bounded vision of futurity can allow me to be. I thought it better to *forestall* my husband's wishes, than to wait for the *expression* of them."

"If not *better*, it was less *mortifying*," replied my quick-sighted parent; and we said no more on the subject.

In three days' time we had lodgings procured for us near Hanover Square; and on the fourth day from that on which I made known my wishes, we set off to London. But how different were the feelings of my husband and myself on the occasion! He was all joy and pleased expectation, unmixed with any painful regret or any anxious fears. But I left for some time a tenderly beloved mother, and the scene of tranquil and certain enjoyment. I was going, I knew, to encounter probably the influence of rivals, both men and women, in my husband's attentions, and the dangerous power of long and early associations. And how did I know, but that into a renewal of intimacy with his former associates I was not bringing my husband? But I had done what I thought right; and if I had presumptuously acted on the dictates of human wisdom alone, I prayed, fervently prayed, that the divine wisdom would take pity on my weakness, and avert the courted and impending evil.

I was many miles on my journey, before I could drive from my mind the recollection of my mother's countenance when we parted. It did not alone express sorrow to part with me—it indicated anxiety, foreboding of evil to happen before we met again; and it required all my husband's enlivening gaiety and fascinating powers to revive my drooping spirits. His gaiety, I must own, however, depressed rather than enlivened me at first; for I was mortified to see with what delight he anticipated our return to the great world: but, as I had no ill-tempered feelings to oppose to the influence of his buoyant hilarity and his winning charm of manner, they at length subdued my depression, and imparted to me their own pleasant cheerfulness.

"Dear, dear London!" cried Pendarves, as our horses' hoofs first rattled on its pavement; "dear London! how I love thee! for here I was first convinced how fondly Helen loved me!" So saying, he pressed me to *his* heart, and a feeling of revived confidence stole over *mine*.

We found my uncle and Mrs. Pendarves still in London: but I did not feel as rejoiced on the occasion as they and my husband did. The latter was glad because he had in them proper protectors for his wife, whenever he was obliged to leave me, and the former, because they had really an affection for us. But I knew so much of Mrs. Pendarves, by the description I had heard of her from Lady Helen and my mother, and what I had observed myself, that I dreaded being exposed to her home truths and her indiscreet communications.

It was not long before we found ourselves completely in the vortex of London life. And as for the most part my husband's engagements and mine were the same, I lost the gloomy forebodings with which I left home, and even lost my fears of Mrs. Pendarves.

One day, Pendarves told me he was going to dine with an old friend of his—Maurice Witred; but as I was not going out, he hoped to be back to drink tea with me! but I expected him in vain, and he did not return till bedtime.

He told me he was sorry to have disappointed me; but his friend had prevailed upon him to go to the play. This excuse was so sufficient, and his wish to accompany Mr. Witred so natural, that I should have had no misgiving whatever, had I not observed a certain degree of constraint in his manner, and a consciousness as if he had not told me all. However, I was satisfied with the alleged cause of his absence, and I slept as soundly as usual. But the next morning came Mrs. Pendarves, saying she was glad to find me alone. She told me she had met my husband, and she had given him such a set-to! (to use her own elegant phrase.)

"And wherefore?"

"Oh! for going to the play with Maurice Witred and his lady."

"Lady! I did not know he was married."

"He is *not* married; and it was very wrong, and had an ill-appearance, for a young married man to be seen in public, though it *was* in a private box, with a profligate man and his mistress. I thought he would not tell you; but I was resolved you should know it, that you might scold him with the 'grave rebuke of a severe *youthful beauty* and a grace.'"

I did not reply, even to assure her that I was better pleased that she should scold my husband than that I should do it myself, for I knew she was incorrigible, and her communication had thrown me into a painful reverie; for I found that Pendarves had begun to practise disingenuousness and concealment with me, and in the most dangerous way—for he had concealed only half the truth, by which means persons make a sort of compromise with their integrity, and lay a *salvo* to their consciences; for they fancy they are not *lying*, though they are certainly *deceiving*—whereas, if they tell a *downright lie*, they at least know they are sinning, and may be led by conscious shame into amendment. But there is no hope for those who thus delude themselves; and as *ce n'est que la premier pas qui coute*, I felt that I had lost some of my confidence in my husband's sincerity. Alas, when perfect confidence between man and wife is *once destroyed*, there is an end to *perfect happiness!* But I tried to shake off my abstraction; and I listened as well as I could to my talkative companion, whose passion was to give advice, that troublesome though common propensity in weak people; and like such persons, she was always boasting of the advice she had given, that which she would give, or of the *dressings* and *set-tos* which she had bestowed, or meant to bestow. At length, however, much to my relief, she went away, and not long after Pendarves returned.

"So," said he, "I find Mrs. Pendarves has been with you; and I suppose (blushing as he spoke) that she has been telling tales of me!"

"And of herself," I replied, smiling as unconcernedly as I could; "for she owns to the presumption of having given you a *set-to*, as she calls it."

"Yes; but I suppose she told you the cause?"

"No doubt."

"And do you think it deserves so severe a lecture?"

"I think it was not right in a respectable married man to seem to give his countenance to such a connexion as the one in question; and I suspect that you are of the same opinion."

"I am; but why do you think so?"

"From conceit; because I believe that fear of my censure made you conceal from me what you had done."

"True—most true; and my repugnance to tell you all proved to me still more how wrong that all was."

"My *dearest* Seymour?" I replied, "believe me, that no *ill* which you can communicate to me can ever distress me so much as my consciousness of your want of ingenuousness and of your telling only half the truth can do. I saw by your manner something was wrong, and I shall ever bless the weak indiscretion of Mrs. Pendarves, because it led to this salutary explanation; and I trust that the next time you go with Mr. Witred and his *lady* to the play, you will mention *both*."

"But I shall *never* go with them again," eagerly replied my husband, "as you, Helen, think it improper."

"But I may be too rigid in my ideas; and I beg you to be ruled by your own judgment rather than mine. All I ask is, to be told the *whole truth*."

Pleasant to my feelings then, and dear to my recollection since, is the look of tenderness and approbation which Pendarves gave me as I spoke these words; and when he left me, peace and confidence seemed restored to my mind.

The next evening was the fashionable night for Ranelagh, and my husband, and I who dined out, were to accompany a large party to that scene of gay resort.

Ranelagh was the place for tall women to appear to advantage in. Little women, however beautiful, were likely to be unnoticed in that circling crowd; but, even unattended with beauty, height and a good carriage of the person were sure to be noticed there. The pride which Pendarves took in my appearance was never so fully gratified as at Ranelagh; for while I leaned upon him, I used to feel my arm pressed gently to his side as he heard or saw the admiration which my lofty stature (to speak modestly) excited. This evening, as I was quite a *new face* in the splendid round, I was even followed as well as gazed at; and I was not sorry when our carriage was announced, though I was flattered on my own account, and pleased on my husband's; for I was eager to escape from some particularly impertinent starers, especially as I found that Pendarves was disposed to resent the freedom with which some men of high rank thought themselves privileged to follow and look at me. Before we separated, some of the party proposed that we should meet again at Ranelagh on the next night but one, and while I hesitated my husband exclaimed, "No mock modesty, Helen; no declining an opportunity, which you must enjoy, of being admired. So, pray tell our friends you gladly accede to their proposal."

"I gladly accede to your proposal," cried I laughing, but blushing with conscious vanity at the same time.

"What an obedient wife!" cried one of the ladies: "public homage has not spoiled her *yet*, I see."

"Nor can it," replied I, "while I possess my husband's homage, which I value *far more*."

"*While* you possess it! Then, if his homage should fail you, you might perhaps be pleased with the other!"

"I humbly hope *not*: but if exposed to that bitter trial, I dare not assert that I should not yield to it as scores of other women do every day; for I must say, in defence of my sex, that good husbands, generally speaking, make good wives; and that most women originally value the attentions of their husbands more than those of other men. On your sex, therefore, oh, false and fickle man! be visited the crimes of ours!"

This grave discourse provoked some laughter from my audience, from which I was glad to escape to our carriage, which had waited for us while we alighted.

"So, Helen," said my husband as we went home, "it is your opinion,

"That when weak women go astray,
Their lords are more in fault than they."

"It is."

"And you said what you did as a gentle hint and a kind warning *to me* how I behaved myself?"

"Not so," said I eagerly: "I humbly trust that even your example would not make me swerve from my duty; and my observation was a general one. Still, my favorite and constant prayer is, 'Let me not be led into temptation;' and believe me, Pendarves, that she who is able to admit that she may possibly *err*, is less liable to do so than the woman who seems to believe she is incapable of it."

"Helen," said my husband, "I never for one moment associated together the idea of you and *frailty*: therefore, dear girl, I will carry you to Ranelagh again and again; for I *do love* to see *you* admired; and I feel proud while I think and *know* that even princes would woo your smiles in vain."

He kept his word, and we never missed a full night at Ranelagh. But one evening completely destroyed the unmixed pleasure which I had hitherto enjoyed there.

We had not been round the room more than twice when we were joined by Lord Charles Belmour, a former associate of my husband's who, after a little while, begged to have some private conversation with him; and taking his arm, Pendarves consigned me to the care of the gentleman with us, on whose other arm hung a lady to whom he was busily making love: consequently, his attention was wholly directed to her, and I had nothing to divert mine from the conversation which occasionally met my ear between my husband and his noble friend, who walked close behind us.

Sometime this conversation was held in a low voice, and then I ceased to listen to it; but when they spoke as usual, I thought I was justified in attending to them.

"Look there!" said Lord Charles, as we were passing a box in which sat two ladies splendidly dressed, accompanied by two gentlemen, "look, Pendarves, there is an old friend of yours!"

"Ha!" said my husband, lowering his voice, "I protest it is she! I did not know she was in England. Who are those men with her?"

"What, are you *jealous*?"

"Nonsense! Who are they?"

"The man in brown is husband to the lady in blue; and for the sake of associating with a titled lady, which your friend is you know, he allows his wife, who is not pretty enough to be in danger, to go about with her and her *cher ami*—the young man in green. You know she was always a favorite with *young* men."

"True, and young indeed must the man be who is taken in by her fascinations."

"But she is wonderfully handsome still."

"I hardly looked at her."

"We are passing her again. *Now*, then, look at her *if you dare*."

"Dare!"

"Yes: for her eyes are very like the basilisk's."

"I will risk it."

I too now looked towards the box we were approaching; at the end of which stood a young man in green, hanging over a woman, who though no longer young, and wholly indebted to art for her bloom, appeared to my now jealous eyes the handsomest woman I had ever beheld. I also observed that she saw and recognized my husband; for she suddenly started and looked disordered, while an expression of anger stole over her face. A sudden stop in the crowd to allow the Prince and his party to pass, who were just entering, forced us to be stationary a few minutes before her box. Oh! how my heart beat during this survey! But one thing gratified me: I was sure, as I did not see her bow her head or curtsy, that Pendarves did not notice her. And *yet* Lord Charles had, uncontradicted, called her his *old friend!*

Who, then, and *what* was she? would he tell me? Perhaps he would when he got home; if he did not, I felt that I should be uneasy.

We soon moved on again, and I heard Lord Charles say,

"Cruel Pendarves! not even to look at or touch your hat to her! Surely that would not have committed you in any way."

"It would have been acknowledging her for an acquaintance, which I do not wish now to do, especially *in my wife's presence*." I *conclude* he said, for he spoke too low for me to hear; but I judge so from the answer of Lord Charles.

"Oh! then, if your wife was *not* present, you would not be so cruel?"

"I did not say so."

"No; but you implied it."

"I deny that also."

Then coming up to me, my husband again offered me his arm, and Lord Charles left us. I soon after saw this beautiful woman walking in the circle, and heard her named by the gentleman next me as Lady Bell Singleton—a dashing widow more famed for her beauty and her fascination than her morals. But Pendarves said nothing; and though she looked very earnestly at him, and examined me from head to foot as I passed, I saw that he never turned his eyes on her, and seemed resolved not to see her.

I had therefore every reason to be pleased with my husband's conduct; but I felt great distrust of Lord Charles. I thought he was a man, from what I had overheard, whom I could never like as a companion for Pendarves; and I disliked him the more, because, if I had given him the slightest encouragement, he would have been my devoted and public admirer, and would have delighted to make his attachment to me and our intimacy the theme of conversation. I also saw that my cold reserve had changed his partiality into dislike; and I could readily believe that he would be glad in revenge to wean my husband from me. Still, I could not wish that I had treated him otherwise than I did; for I could not have done it without compromising my sense of right, as *half measures* in such cases are of no avail; and if a married woman does not at once show that pointed and particular admiration is offensive to her, the man who offers it has a right to think his devoirs may *in time* be acceptable.

Here I may as well give you the character of this friend of my husband.

Lord Charles Belmour was the son of the Duke of ———; and never was any man more proud of the pre-eminence bestowed by rank and birth; but to do him justice, he began life with a wish to possess more honorable distinctions, and had he been placed in better circumstances, the world might have heard of him as a man of science, of learning, and of talents. But he had every thing to deaden his wish of studious fame, and nothing to encourage it. Besides, he was too indolent to toil for that renown which he was ambitious to enjoy; and instead of reading hard at college, he was soon led away into the most unbounded dissipation, while he saw honors daily bestowed on others which he had once earnestly wished to deserve and gain himself. But he quickly drove all weak repinings from him, proudly resolving in future to scorn and undervalue those laurels which could now never be his.

He therefore chose to declare it was beneath a nobleman, or even a gentleman, to gain a prize, or take a high degree; and this assertion, in which he did not himself believe, was quoted by many an idle dunce, glad so to excuse the ignorance which disgraced him.

But, spite of this pernicious opinion, Lord Charles never sought the society of those *who acted* upon it; and Pendarves, who had *distinguished* himself at Oxford, was his favorite companion there.

When Lord Charles entered the world, he gave himself up to all its vanities and irregularities. But he was conscious of great powers, and also conscious that he had suffered them to run to waste. Still, if he could not employ them in a way to excite admiration, he knew he could do so in a way to excite fear; and after all, *power* was *power*, and to possess it was the *first wish* of his heart.

Accordingly, though conscious he had himself the follies which he lashed, he had no mercy on those of his acquaintances; for, as he himself observed, "it is easier to laugh at the follies of others than amend one's own:" and though courted as an *amusing* companion, he was often shunned as a *dangerous* one.

Women, also, who defied him either as a suitor or an enemy, have rued the day when they ventured to dispute his power; but as I at length discovered, there was *one* way to *disarm* him; and that was to own his ability to do harm, and try to conciliate him as an *active* and *efficient* friend.

In that case his generous and kind feelings conquered his less amiable ones, and his friendship was as sincere and valuable as his enmity was pernicious.

But with no uncommon inconsistency, while he declared that he thought a nobleman would disgrace himself if he sung well or sung at all, or entered the lists in any way with persons *à talens*, he condescended to indulge before those whom he respected in the lowest of all talents, though certainly one of the most *amusing*, that of mimickry—a gift which usually appertains to other talents, as a border of shining gold to the fag end of a piece of India muslin, looking more showy indeed than the material to which it adheres; but how inferior in value and in price!

But to resume my narrative. My husband did *not* mention Lady Bell to me. The next time I went to Ranelagh with *mixed feelings*—for I dreaded to see this lady again, and to observe that Pendarves had chosen at length to own her for an acquaintance; for, had he been sure of never renewing his acquaintance, why should he *not* have *named her to me?*

It was also with contending feelings that I found myself obliged to have Mrs. Pendarves as my companion; for though I *wished* to be informed on the subject of my anxiety, I dreaded it at the same time: and I was sure that she would tell me *all she knew*.

A nephew of Mrs. Pendarves was our escort to Ranelagh; and my husband, who dined with Lord Charles Belmour, (much to my secret sorrow,) was to join us there.

My eyes looked everywhere in search of Lady Bell Singleton, and at length I discovered her. My companion did the same; and with a sort of scream of surprise, she said, "Oh, dear! if there is not Lady Bell Singleton! I thought she was abroad! Do you know, my dear, when she returned to England?"

"How should I know, madam? The very existence of the lady was a stranger to me till the other evening."

"Indeed! Why do not you really know that is the lady on whose account your mother forbade your marriage with Pendarves?"

"No, madam, my mother was too discreet to explain her reasons."

"Well, my dear, you need not look so uneasy—it was all off long before he married you—though she is a very dangerous woman where she gets a hold, and looks

"'So sure of her beholder's heart,
Neglecting for to take them.'"

I scarcely heard what she said, for a sick faint feeling came over me at the consciousness that I was now in the presence of a woman for whom Pendarves had undoubtedly felt some sort of regard; but it was jealousy for the past, not for the present, that overcame me, though my husband's total silence with regard to this lady was, I could not but think, an alarming circumstance. And "it was on her account your mother forbade your marriage with Pendarves," still vibrated painfully in my ears, when Lord Charles and he appeared. With a smile by no means as unconstrained as usual I met him, and accepted his proffered arm. Lord Charles walked with us for a round or two—then left us, whispering as he did so, "Remember! *do* notice her, she expects it, and I think she has a right to it."

Pendarves muttered, "Well, if it must be so," and his companion disappeared.

Soon after we saw him with Lady Bell Singleton leaning on his arm: and I felt convinced he had made the acquaintance since we were last at Ranelagh, as he never noticed her till that night. We were now meeting them for the second time, and passing close to them, when I saw Lady Bell pointedly try to catch my husband's eye: and no longer avoiding it, he took off his hat, and civilly, though distantly, returned the cordial but silent salutation which she gave him.

"This," thought I, "is in consequence of Lord Charles's interference, and explains what Pendarves meant by 'Well, if I must, I must.'"

How I wished that he would break his close silence on this subject, and be ingenuous! But I felt it was a delicate subject for him to treat—and I resolved to break the ice myself.

"That was a very beautiful woman to whom you bowed just now," said I, glad to find that Mrs. Pendarves was looking another way.

"She *has* been beautiful indeed!" was his answer.

Then looking at me, surprised I doubt not at the tremor of my voice, he was equally surprised at my excessive paleness, and with some little sarcasm in his tone, he said,

"My dear Helen, is my only bowing to a fine woman capable of making your cheek pale, and your voice trembling?"

"No," said I, "not so, you wrong me indeed; nor did I know that my cheek was pale." I said no more, shrinking from the seeming indelicacy of forcing a confidence which he was disposed to withhold.

"Helen," said he, looking up in my face, "I see our aunt Pendarves has been at her old work, and telling tales of me. I protest I shall insist on my uncle's sending her *muzzled* into your company."

"The best way of muzzling her would be to anticipate all her communications yourself. It would be such an effectual silence to a woman like our little aunt, to be able to say, 'I know that already.'"

"That's artfully put, Helen! But, really, there are some things which I have respected you too much to name to you. A *general* knowledge of my past faults and follies you have long had: but from no unworthy motive I have shrunk from talking to you of any *particular* one; and I feel pained and shocked, my beloved wife, to know that you are aware of that lady's having once been very near, if not very dear, to me in the days of my early youth."

"Enough," said I, "enough! Forget that I know any thing which you wished me *not* to know, and assure yourself that I will forget also."

"You are a wise and good girl," he replied, kindly pressing the arm that reposed in his; "but my little aunt is capable of making much mischief between married persons, where the mind of the wife is weak, and her temper suspicious."

But how irritated I was against Lord Charles that evening! He forced conversation with Pendarves whenever we passed him, and gave Lady Bell an opportunity of fixing her dark eyes on him in a manner which having once seen, I took care never to see again. I am sure it offended him as much as it did me; for though Lady Bell was not absolutely excluded society, she was by no means a woman to be forced on the notice of any man who had a virtuous wife leaning on his arm; and in returning her bow, Pendarves had done all that civility required of him: but I am convinced that Lord Charles wished to give me pain; and he was also in hopes that I should resent the appearance of any acquaintance remaining between the quondam lovers, and thereby occasion a coolness between my husband and myself.

This was the longest and the only painful evening I had ever passed at Ranelagh; and from that moment I took such a dislike to it, that I was very glad when the great heat of the weather made my usual companions at such places substitute Vauxhall for Ranelagh. But at Vauxhall the same lovely and unwelcome vision crossed my path; and I once overheard a gentleman say, looking back at my husband, who had stopt to speak to some ladies, "What a lucky fellow that Pendarves is! The two finest women in the garden—ay, or in London, are his wife, and his quondam mistress." The compliment to myself was deprived of its power to please me, by these wounding words, my husband's "quondam mistress." And was then that disgraceful connexion so well known! The thought was an overwhelming one, and I began to resent my husband's having bowed to this woman in my presence. But perhaps he was entreated to do so in order to shield her reputation? If so, could he do otherwise? And as I was always glad to find an excuse for Pendarves, I satisfied myself thus, and my recent displeasure was forgotten.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Education implies that the human race is in a state of progress.

HISTORY OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

In connection with the great triumph of science which has just been achieved, the following *resume* of the history of the processes through which the electric telegraph has passed, in obtaining its present perfection, will be found interesting. It shows that to a large number are due portions of the credit:—

1726.—An Englishman, named Wood discovered, that the electric fluid could be conducted long distances by wires.

1746.—Herr Winkler, of Leipsic, discharged a Leyden jar by a friction machine, through a wire of considerable length, the river Pleis forming part of his circuit.

1747.—Dr. Watson made a successful experiment of a similar character, over a space of four miles, at Schooter's Hill, near London, embracing his circuit of two miles of wire and of equal distance of ground. A writer in the Philosophical Transactions (vol. xiv., 1848,) gives him the credit of having been the first to suggest the application of electricity to telegraph purposes.

1748.—Dr. Franklin set fire to spirits by an electric current sent across the Schuylkill on a wire and allowed it to return by the river and earth.

1774.—M. Lesage, of Geneva, constructed an electric telegraph, consisting of twenty-four wires, each properly insulated, and terminating at one end of either was put into communication with the prime conductor of an electrical machine, the ball was repelled, and a corresponding letter thus indicated.

1784.—M. Lomond, of France, communicated telegraph signals to a neighboring room by means of a potato ball electrometer acted upon by electricity.

We find a record of it in the *Anthologia Hibernica*, for September, 1794, vol. 4, published in Dublin.

"In electricity M. Losmond has made a remarkable discovery; you write two or three words on a paper; he takes it with him into a room, and runs a machine inclosed in a cylindrical case, at the top of which is an electrometer, a small fine pith ball; a wire connects with a similar cylinder and electrometer in a distant apartment, and his wife, by remarking the corresponding motions of the ball, writes dow the words they indicate, from which it appears that he has formed an alphabet of motions. As the length of the wire makes no difference in the effect, a correspondence might be carried on to any distance—within and without a bealeged town for instance—or for a purpose much more worthy, and a thousand times more harmless, between two lovers prohibited or prevented from any better connection."

M. Reise illuminated letters upon plate glass, formed of tin foil, by means of elecuricity.

1795.—M. Ciavalo proposed to form an electric telegraph by firing a gas pistol at the distant end of a wire, and thus to give signals.

M. Savary attributes the first idea of an electric telegraph to Dr. Franklin.

1798.—Betancourt established a telegraph between Madrid and Aranjuez, a distance of twenty-five miles through which a current of electricity was passed and gave signals for letters.

1809.—Soemering constructed the first galvanic telegraph at Munich, which operated by the decomposition of water, and which he also caused to ring a bell at the opposite end of the wire. Soemering's was the first decomposition or chemical telegraph, and can be even now successfully, but less rapidly, worked than Bain's.

1816.—Dr. John Redman Coxe, of Philadelphia, proposed to establish an electric telegraph, and to make signals at a distance, by the decomposition of water and metallic salts, causing a change in color to ensue.

1819.—Professor Persted, of Copenhagen, discovered electric magnetism, or electric magnetic motion.

1820.—M. Ampere, of France, discovered the electro magnetic telegraph. This he constructed of as many wires as there were letters, and used the deflection of the needle as a signal. He broke and renewed the circuits by finger keys, something similar to those of the keys of a pianoforte.

1823.—Francis Renalds, of England, proposed a telegraph by the use of frictional electricity. In his arrangements there were clocks at the station which kept time with each other, and which were furnished with a light disc of cyphers in place of hands, having twenty different signs towards their circumference. At the moment the proper sign on the disc passed before the index at one station, the spark was discharged, and the electrometer placed at the other discharged, and caused the signs on the disc at the other to be noted. The telegraph is stated to have extended to Hammersmith, eight miles, and to have used the discharge of a gas pistol as an alarm.

1825.—Mr. Barlow, of Greenwich, England, made an attempt to put a galvanic telegraph in operation, but was baffled by the diminution of the fluid, when he endeavored to transmit it for a great distance, so as to produce mechanical effects. This difficulty the discoveries of Henry, however, afterward overcame.

In the same year Mr. Sturgeon, of England, constructed the electro-magnet by coiling a copper wire round a piece of iron of a horse shoe form, the bent turns of the wire being so far apart as to prevent contact. He found that when the electric fluid passed through this coil, the enclosed iron became a magnet, and was again de-magnetised in breaking the current. The wires were afterwards coated with non-conducting substances, and wrapped around the iron in close contact, as we now see them.

1826.—Mr. Harrison Gray Dyar erected a telegraph on Long Island, in New York. He used frictional electricity, and dyed marks on chemically prepared paper by the passage of sparks.

1831.—Professor Joseph Henry, of Princeton College, discovered a method of forming magnets of intensity and quantity produced from correspondent batteries, and by the use of which, with relay magnets, &c., prepared by him, he made known the practicability of producing mechanical effects at a great distance, say 1,000 to 2,000 miles.

1832.—Baron Schilling, of St. Petersburg, contrived a deflective magnetic telegraph, which had an alarm bell connected with it.

1833.—Gauss and Webber first constructed the simplified electro-magnetic telegraph. It was Gauss who first employed the incitement of induction and demonstrated that the appropriate combination of a limited number of signs is all that is required for the transmission of communications. Webber discovered that a copper wire 7,400 feet long, which he carried over the houses and church steeples of Gottingen, from the Observatory to the Cabinet of Natural Philosophy, required no special insulation. This was an important point of discovery in the construction of telegraph lines, and is made available to the present time.

1837.—Steinhell constructed and put in use between Munich and Bogenhausen, in the July of this year, his registered electro-magnetic telegraph. By the deflection of a needle he produced dots or short marks on fillets of paper to stand as signals for letters, &c., the paper being drawn forward by clock work in an endless slip or ribbon.

On the 12th of June of this same year, the deflective electro-magnetic telegraph of Cook, of Wheatstone, was patented in England. They first employed receiving and relay magnets.

In the October following, Samuel F. B. Morse, of New York, entered his first caveat for an American electro-magnetic telegraph, in which he chiefly relied on a kind of type and port rule for making signals by the mechanical force of electro-magnetic motion. Morse claimed that he first thought of a magnetic telegraph on his passage to the United States in the brig Sally, in the year 1832.

1838.—Edward Davy, of London, had his patent sealed for a chemical telegraph, which was enrolled January 4, 1839. In this plan he employed chemically prepared paper, similar in its general character to that used on the instrument of Bain.

1846.—Alexander Bain obtained his English patent for his improved electro chemical telegraph, and got his American patent 1850.

1847.—Royal E. House, of New York, obtained, in conjunction with Mr. Brett, a patent for their ingenious and valuable printing electric telegraph.

1848.—Messrs. Zook and Barnes, of Cincinnati, invented a modification for the electro-magnetic telegraph, by combining fixed magnets with the use of electro magnets.

1849.—Monday, 28th of January.—The memorial of Horatio Hubbell, of Philadelphia, in which he was joined by John H. Sherburne, was presented to Congress, praying for aid in constructing a telegraphic communication across the Atlantic Ocean, setting forth the existence of a table land plateau on soundings between Newfoundland and Ireland, upon which the said telegraph could be constructed, and entering into other details in order to carry out the project. It being the first devised and first published plan ever made to carry a telegraph across the ocean.

Mr. Horn, of New York, invented his igniting telegraph, which made dots and lines by burning them on slips of revolving paper by the heat of the electric fluid while passing.

About the same time Mr. Johnson, of New York, contrived a machine worked by electro-magnetism to let that drop on to slips of paper, which being prepared at the same moment, left visible marks which stood as signs for letters.

Also about the same time, Mr. Daniel Davis, of Boston, prepared an Axial telegraph, which with that of Horn and Johnson does not seem to have met with much attention.

1855.—Mr. Hughes obtained his patent for his ingenious and admirably combined printing telegraph, which is destined to effect a revolution in all the existing systems. Its superiority consists in its working reliably on a larger circuit than any instrument previously invented. Not only does it transmit messages with greater rapidity, but it has the advantage of receiving and transmitting simultaneously on a circuit of at least 5,000 miles, performing the work of two ordinary wires on one; it is also less liable to interruption from atmospheric electricity.

The total length of telegraph lines in 1858, so far as was ascertained, was 96,850; of which there was in America 43,500; in England 10,000; France 8,000; Germany and Austria 10,000; Prussia 4,000; Russia 5,000; the rest of Europe 7,350; India 5,000; Australia 2,000; other parts of the world 500. The number of messages passing over all lines in the United States is estimated at about 4,000,000 per annum.

Until the year 1850, the submarine cable was practically unknown. In this year, the first submarine cable was laid from Dover, England, to Calais, France. The cable was twenty-four miles long, and has since been in operation, with one interruption, with complete success. Since that period, 950 miles of submarine cable have been laid in twenty-seven different lines, the two longest of which are, across the gulf of St. Lawrence in 1856, 74 miles; between Varna and Balaklava, cross the Black Sea, in 1855, 340 miles.

A TERRIBLE MYSTERY—THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF MRS. CAPT. BRENNAN.—We have refrained heretofore from noticing this case, supposing that the "horror" of the affair would finally disappear in a simple elopement—but every development seems to confirm the very worst fears of the lady's friends. The facts are as follows:

On the 20th of July Mrs. Crane, of Staten Island, with her son and daughter, Mrs. Brennan, (wife of Capt. Brennan, of the U. S. Army, stationed at Key West,) went to New York on a visit, and when they parted to go upon their several errands or visits, it was understood that they would meet again on the boat, at 4 o'clock. The mother and son were punctual to that appointment, but the daughter was not. The two former returned to the Island, not doubting, of course, that the third, Mrs. Brennan, was accidentally left behind, or necessarily delayed by some engagement, and that she would take the next boat at 5½ o'clock; but that boat arrived at the Island without her; nor did she appear to her now watchful friends when the last boat by which she could reach home on that day arrived, at 8 o'clock. So unaccountable an absence naturally created some anxiety, and that anxiety grew into alarm, and then into despair, when they learned, the next day, that she actually left the house of a friend the afternoon before to go to the 4 o'clock boat, but that she was afterwards seen in Broadway, apparently on her way to the boat at 5½ o'clock, since which time the most diligent search by her friends and by the police, has completely failed to discover even the slightest trace of her. It is useless to suggest any of the many causes which may have induced her to disappear, or compelled her disappearance, so utterly and without leaving a sign behind her; on this point the imagination may be left unaided. But this only should be said—that there is nothing, we are assured, in the relation of Mrs. Brennan to her family or her friends, nothing in her worldly circumstances, nothing in her character, nothing in her state of mind or state of health, that admits for a moment the probability of a secret departure or prolonged absence to be voluntary acts on her part. She was happy in a retired and pleasant home, where an aged mother and young child required her constant and affectionate care, and the unvarying cheerfulness and untiring devotion which she gave to these daily duties forbid the supposition that she could have consciously and deliberately abandoned them. We are left, then, to the wildest conjecture as to what can have happened to a lady unassuming, modest, in the sad and sober garb of mourning-weeds, but not unattractive, and in the prime of womanhood, on so public a thoroughfare as Broadway in the broad daylight of a summer afternoon.

The only light thrown upon the affair, seems to be by a Mr. Pickersgill, who thinks he saw Mrs. B. leave the Staten Island boat, when it reached the shore, and take a carriage for her residence. A man whom he had observed regarding her upon the boat, also jumped into the carriage and it drove off.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—The inquiry into the mysterious disappearance of Mrs. Brennan was resumed yesterday. The principal witness, Mr. Pickersgill, was very positive in his identification of the lady he saw on the Staten Island boat with Mrs. Brennan, according to her personal description. He also recognized her features on being shown her daguerreotype. She was 23 years old and a very handsome woman. From the evidence elicited, although it has been so inconclusive as to necessitate the discharge of the driver held in arrest, there can be scarcely any doubt that the unfortunate lady was outraged and then murdered. Suspicion points to two parties, and further steps will be taken by the lady's brother to solve the mystery of her disappearance.

The Police Gazette adopts the theory that the missing lady was seen at West Point, but there is really not a thing known about her fate.

Affairs resembling the above, have become so common of late, that strangers, and especially ladies, visiting New York, should be always upon their guard.

☞ "I never complained of my condition," says the Persian poet, Sadi, "but once, when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented with my lot."

RIOT AT NEW YORK.

BURNING OF THE QUARANTINE BUILDINGS ON STATEN ISLAND.

On the evening of the Cable Celebration in New York, a mob collected and burned the principal portion of the quarantine buildings on Staten Island, only one large building being spared. The Board of Health of Castleton, Richmond county, had previously declared the whole establishment an intolerable nuisance, and recommended the citizens to abate it. The patients were first carried out, and the hospitals and sheds, including the physician's house, then set fire to and burned to the ground. Only about twenty or thirty persons actively participated, but it is believed they were sustained and abetted by all the residents in the vicinity. Those engaged took no measures for concealment or disguise, and calculate to escape punishment, supposing that no grand jury of the place will indict them.

The physicians and employees of the quarantine made what resistance they could, but without success. Several fire companies broke through the walls and professed to be ready to play on the fire, but said their hose was out. Great excitement prevailed, and the lives of persons at quarantine were endangered, but no one was injured except a stevedore, who was shot in the back, and on Thursday removed to the New York hospital, where he will probably die. Some of the sick laid out of doors on the ground over night, but on Thursday were placed inside of the only hospital left standing, and in a hulk brought for the purpose.

On Thursday evening, a meeting of the citizens in the vicinity of the Quarantine was held, and after passing congratulatory resolutions, appointed a committee to get up a celebration of the event. They also foretold the destruction of the remaining buildings. The prediction was realized, shortly after, when a row of six brick houses, connected with the Quarantine, was set on fire and destroyed, and, soon afterward, the great Marine Hospital was discovered to be in flames. This hospital is an immense concern, and, at the time it was fired, contained 125 patients, principally suffering from yellow fever, typhus, small-pox and other malignant diseases.

It is presumed that many of these patients were burned to death, as there was no place in which to accommodate them; the rioters did not remove them before firing the Hospital, and the Quarantine Doctors had not sufficient force to accomplish the removal alone. This, however, is not certain, as the fate of the sick was undecided at the time of the latest news.

A force of marines was present, but did nothing but protect government property. No police appeared on the ground, though a force had been sent for. The fire continued burning during Thursday night, and it is supposed that every building inside the grounds, the infected cotton, &c., stored on the docks, and even some of the infected vessels, have been consumed.

QUARANTINE, STATEN ISLAND, Sept. 3—7 o'clock, P. M.—The steamboat Dr. Kane has just arrived from New York with a force of one hundred policemen and a six pounder. They also are provided with tents to shelter the sick who have been exposed to the wind and sun during the day, and are now exposed to a drenching rain. The sick are sixty in number, and among them was the second assistant engineer, whose death from yellow fever has occurred during the day.

Doctors Walser and Bessell have devoted their attentions to the sick, and are administering to their wants, although nearly exhausted from want of sleep and the excitement and exposure resulting from the destruction of the Hospital and other buildings. Dr. Walser, throughout all the terribly trying scenes of the last forty-eight hours, has acted the part of a hero and philanthropist.

Three sick men from the ship Liberty, from New Orleans, are lying on the pier, there being no shelter for them.

The harbor police force came down to the island this evening to protect the shipping at anchor, it being rumored that the incendiaries intended to destroy them. The inhabitants of the infected district were notified to remove their effects to-day, as their dwellings would be fired to night. With the present high wind, the safety of the village would be jeopardized if the threat is carried out.

Dr. Thompson is here, and with Drs. Walser and other assistants, are doing all in their power to provide for the sick, and reorganize the establishment.

The rain is still pouring down, and there is no place within the quarantine walls to shelter the sick. The ruins were visited during the day by a large number of persons.

NEW YORK, September 4.—There was little or no excitement at Quarantine last night.

The U. S. frigate Sabine was towed down to the scene at a late hour, and anchored abreast of the Government stores, to protect them and the shipping, should the threatened attack by the mob be made.

The walls of the Quarantine grounds are strictly guarded by the police.

Matthew Carroll, livery stable keeper; William Muller, lager beer saloon keeper; and Charles S. de Forrest, Justice of the Peace, have been arrested. Some one hundred and fifty warrants are out.

CARRY YOUR HOTEL WITH YOU!—They are making at present, in Paris, a portable *gutta percha hotel* for the use of travellers. On the occasion of the late grand regatta, at the meeting of the sovereigns at Cherbourg, a well-known French viscount and an English gentleman, dreading the inconvenience of overcrowded hotels, took one of these new inventions, and went *a la tortoise*—carrying their house with them. Though not so heavy as to be at all expensive as railroad baggage, the *hotel a la tortoise* contains three rooms, parlor, bed-room, and kitchen. The utensils for cooking, &c., are separately boxed. It is warranted weather-proof and arrangeable in ten minutes.

On arriving, the two travellers selected a commanding situation for viewing the ships of war, yachts and steamers, pitched their tent and went forthwith "to housekeeping." Of course they had brought their potted meats, wines, &c., and the viscount was attended by his cook, who was also architect and *valet de chambre*. For the two days of the *fete*, they lived most commodiously, and entertained a friend or two at dinner—returning to Paris, hotel and all, at much less expense than they would have done if similarly entertained at any of the principal hotels.

THE CONTRACT SYSTEM.—Napoleon, despot though he was, was unrivalled for administrative talents. His keen eye and penetrating mind were bent upon every department of the public service. He was economical, knew better than most men what money would do, and how best to expend it. His judgment and experience taught him that the contract system was ruinous to the finances of his empire. He utterly discarded it. We find him on one occasion, when his army was in pressing want of great-coats and shoes, writing to his Minister Dejean as follows: "I will have no contracts; you know that contracts produce nothing but robbery. I have annulled the contract for clothing at Bordeaux. Act on this principle, *that every contractor is a thief*; that, when you pay, contracts are unnecessary; and that the best plan is always to make for yourself."

THE readers of the "Life of Charlotte Bronte" will be glad to learn that the Rev. P. Bronte is still living at Haworth. The reverend gentleman is in his eighty-second year, and preaches once every Sunday. Mr. Nicholls (Charlotte's husband) resides with him at his curate. The servant Martha, who is often mentioned in Mrs. Gaskill's work, still lives at the parsonage, and is a comfort to her aged and venerated master.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE LAST PARAGRAPH OF THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE UNFAVORABLY CRITICISED—ABDICATION OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA NECESSARY—A POLITICAL CRISIS FEARED—THE TREATY OF PEACE WITH CHINA—THE REPORT LACKS CONFIRMATION, BUT IS GENERALLY CREDITED.

The Pacific brings Liverpool advices to the 23rd ult.

The Message of the President of the United States to the Queen of England, on the occasion of the laying of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, was published by the papers of Great Britain, on the morning of the 23rd of August, with editorial comments.

The London papers generally criticise unfavorably the last paragraph of the President's Message. The Daily News says there is more simple dignity in the Queen's Message, but a greater grasp of thought in the President's response, with perhaps a dash of ambitious straining after effect. The News also states that it would have been better for the President to have omitted the last paragraph about "hostilities."

The Times believes the Ocean Telegraph will be a guarantee of perpetual peace between the two countries.

The bombardment of Jeddah by a British vessel-of-war, took the French Government by surprise, but explanations were made in London to the Minister, Pelliasier.

The rumor was gaining ground that the definitive abdication of the King of Prussia had become absolutely necessary. His disease was getting worse.

There are some fears expressed, that the event will have a tendency to hurry on the political crisis which is anticipated.

The dispatch from China, announcing the Treaty of Peace, (already received by Atlantic Telegraph,) lacks positive confirmation, but it was generally credited throughout Europe.

The News reached the French Government through the Embassy at St. Petersburgh, where it arrived by overland route, being dated at Tientsin, June 27th, more than three weeks later than the dates received in England.

The barque Champion had arrived at Gibraltar, with the family of Mr. Stanback, the American Consul, who was recently murdered at Jaffa.

It is positively asserted that the Duke of Malakoff will soon marry a near relative of the Empress Eugenie.

The reported amalgamation of the *Credit Mobilier* with the Bank of St. Paul is fully contradicted.

The Empress of Austria was safely delivered of a Prince on the 21st of August.

A despatch was sent from London to Newfoundland, and an answer received in two hours and a half.

The American horse Babylon had won the Chesterfield Handicap, at York.

A great dinner, by the Directors of the Atlantic telegraph, will be given at Killarney.

The Atlantic and Great Western Railway of Ohio and Pennsylvania had negotiated a loan in England of three millions of dollars.

The police of Paris were exercising a surveillance over the arrivals. Mazzini had left London.

A very curious incident occurred when the paying out of the telegraph cable commenced in mid-ocean. The splice had been made, and the cable was being lowered over the sterns of the vessels, when a little before it touched the water, a sea gull, fatigued, no doubt, after a long flight, perched on it, and his claws getting fast in the tar with which the cable was coated, he was unable to extricate them, so that the bird was dragged down under water and drowned. He made desperate efforts to save himself, but to no purpose, as he stuck fast, and when he found himself going down his despairing screams sounded far across the waters. The strangeness of the occurrence, and the terrible agony of the poor bird, caused some sensation on board the vessels.

LONDON, Saturday, Aug. 21.—The price of teas is unaffected by the news of the peace in China.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 20.—Cotton firm. Flour quiet. Wheat buoyant. Corn dull. Provisions steady. Sugar quiet. Turpentine dull.

☞ Although the word ovation seems derived from the Latin ova, an egg, we hardly suppose that a mob who pelt a poor fellow with rotten eggs, can properly be said to give him an ovation.—*Picayune.*

☞ No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt.—*Lord Clarendon.*

☞ "Who's there?" said a patrol to a passing figure, one dark night. "It's I, patrol, don't be afraid," kindly replied an old woman.

☞ The more any one speaks of himself, the less he likes to hear another talked of.—*Lavater.*

☞ An author, ridiculing the idea of ghosts, asks, how a dead man can get into a locked room. Probably he enters with a skeleton-key.

GREATNESS and goodness are not means, but ends.

Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The great, good man? Three treasures, love and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as an infant's breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death.
—*Wordsworth.*

☞ WELL HE MIGHT!—A few days before the news reached us of the successful completion of the Atlantic Telegraph, Peter Cooper, thinking he had lost a large pile of money, exclaimed, savagely, to a friend: "I wish that confounded telegraph was at the bottom of the ocean!"

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.
—*Shelley.*

☞ Little Charley L—— is in his fourth year. About a year ago an aunt of his was at his father's, very sick. Charley was told to be very careful not to make a noise and disturb dear auntie. He promised, but, as little boys will do, forgot. His mother hearing him, called him to her to punish him. He whispered to her, "Mother, stop! Please don't make a noise; *you'll wake up Aunt 'Liza.*"

☞ The weak may be joked out of anything but their weakness.—*Madame de Stael.*

☞ If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keeps his at the same time.—*Swift.*

☞ "When a stranger treats me with want of respect," said a philosophic poor man, "I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself he slights, but my old shabby coat and hat, which, to say the truth, have no particular claim to admiration. So if my hat and coat choose to fret about it, let them, but it is nothing to me."

☞ Idolatry, in all forms, is but the abuse of a truth so deeply lodged in the soul of a man that it cannot be eradicated.

NEWS ITEMS.

DETROITO strangers in an unsuspected m ner, seems to be rapidly becoming an "insti tion" in New York. A Georgia merchant, arrived in that city a few days ago to purch goods, was found by officer Watson, on Tue day night, lying on the sidewalk, near the F ton ferry, stupified and most senseless, fro the effects of drugged liquor which some signing rascals had induced him to imbibe. suspicious looking set of fellows were lolterin about the spot, evidently with the intention rifling his pockets if a convenient opportunit offered. The demented Southron was taken to the station house, where he was found to hav cash and current drafts to the amount of $1,60 in his possession.

A GOOD TOAST.—The following sentiment was sent to the Celebration Committee of this city b Dr. S. Y. Atlee, of Washington, District of C lumbia:—

The Atlantic Telegraph Cable.—A tongue th wags at both ends; and the longest that ever spoke the English language. May it never become unruly, and disgrace its vernacular by uttering naughty words; but, in accordanc with its first lessons, taught by the Queen an the President, perpetually inculcate the senti ments of Christian charity and internationa good will.

THE Scientific American's remedy for th fearful plague, black tongue, is nothing mor nor less than to permit cattle to chew coarse salt—the coarser the better. This is certainl harmless and inexpensive, and it is worth trial.

A CROWN OF GOLD ON THE TOMB OF MME. SONTAG.—The Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz ha placed a laurel crown of gold on the tomb o Mme. Sontag, who lies buried by her siste Nina's side, in the chapel of the Convent a Marienthal, a village near Dresden. The crow, bears this inscription:—"To the best of wive and mothers, the most faithful of friends, the most beautiful and amiable of women, the greatest of songstresses, this crown is dedicated by George, Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz."

THERE is a negro boy in Polk county, Texas who has two faces, fixed in opposite parts of th head, with mouth, nose and chin so full an perfect, that it is impossible to tell which is th front face, when the boy is hid from view. H is six years of age, healthy, of sound mind and runs and plays among other children.

BLACK TONGUE.—Copperas and vinegar, N. O. Picayune says, removes the disease of tongue, and the same application to the f will cure most cases.

SUGAR IN ILLINOIS.—Some of the Illinois fa mers agree in saying that the quantity of sug raised in that State this year from the sorghu cane, will exceed in amount, including course the molasses made in the same proc that of any other one product or article of port grown or manufactured in the State. are inclined, says the Cincinnati Times, think this an exaggerated statement, but ther can be no doubt that the amount is really ver considerable, and that sugar may hereafter b regarded as one of the staple productions, only of Illinois, but of most of the northwes ern States.

CONNECTICUT TOBACCO CROP.—The harvestin of the tobacco crop has been commenced Connecticut. The average yield per acre said to be 1,500 pounds.

THE election in Utah on the 2nd passed quietly. The Gentiles had an opposition tick but Mr. Osborne of Green River county, w the only one elected to the Legislature. In Sa Lake county the Gentile ticket received only 3 votes.

NICE WAY OF DOING BUSINESS.—On Wednes day, a highly respectable young lady fro Huntington, Long Island, was at Trinit Church, New York, attending the cable se vices, when she was arrested by one of the de tectives attached to the Deputy Superinten dent's office, who insisted that she must be thief, as they had her likeness in the rogue gallery at the deputy's office. A clergyma from Huntington, in whose company she wa vouched for her respectable position; but vain, she was kept in custody about four hou before she was liberated. Her uncle is a highl respectable resident of Brooklyn.

LORD PALMERSTON is about to retire from pul lic life. He has agreed to do so on the urge solicitation of Lady Palmerston, and a growin defect in his Lordship's power of hearing ha also had a share in inducing him to bring h long public career to a close.

IN ARKANSAS, when a man desires to say th he would like a drink, he declares that if h had a glass of whiskey, he would throw hi self outside of it, mighty quick!

WHAT NOT?—A duel was fought in Mississip last month by S. Knott and A. W. Shott. Th result was, Knott was Shott, and Shott was no In those circumstances we should rather hav been Shott than Knott.

THE boys in New York are selling bogu pieces of telegraph cable. The genius of th Commercial Emporium is equal to any ente prise. Trading and selling is their busines and they can turn anything to account "make a sell."

LIFE IN UTAH.—A correspondent of the S Louis Republican tells the following story co cerning the condition of the army in Utal "Last week the soldiers received their pa and since then a large number of them ha deserted, taking with them some fine mul and citizens' clothing from the camp, witho leave. It is feared that those sent in search them will continue their march to California their own hook. The soldiers do not like th country—they call it a God-forsaken place. Oh day it is warm enough in camp to cook a nigg the next so dusty that they cannot see th breakfast while eating it.

NEGRO EMIGRATION TO HAYTI.—St. Louis, Au 31.—Paul Emile Desden and Col. —— ——, the Haytien army, and M. Martford, the he of the Commercial House in Port au Prin (the object of whose presence in this count is to induce free negroes to emigrate to Hayti have arrived in this city.

LIEUTENANT PEGRAM, who distinguished hi self in the fight with pirates in the East Indie during the Perry Expedition, has been appoin ed to command the Water Witch, now fitti for Paraguay.

DURING August 1,700 bounty land warra have been issued, to satisfy which 154,0 acres are necessary.

BLAIR (Repub.) has given notice that he i tends to contest the seat in Congress of Barre (Dem.) in the St. Louis district.

CONTRACTS OF HOGS.—The Cincinnati (Ohi Price Current states that contracts are maki for hogs in Indiana and Kentucky at $4 $4 25 gross, which is equal to $5 75 to 86 n delivered there. It is the general opinion, consequence of the backwardness of the co crop, that prices will rule higher than l season.

THE CAPTURED SLAVER.—The Washingt Union speaking of the captured slaver, say "Under the laws of the United States, the ves is forfeited; one-half of its value goes to t captors, who are also entitled to $25 per he for each negro captured. The law also dire the President to take measures for the remo of the negroes beyond the limits of the Uni States, and to appoint an agent on the coast Africa to receive them. The crew found board, under the act of 15th May, 1820, deemed guilty of piracy." The slaves w brought from Africa,—about one-fourth d on the passage. They were about being la ed on the coast of Cuba, when the U. S. ves came along, and gave chase.

GOLD is said to have been found at Pik Peak, in the Western part of Kansas. Two m with inferior implements, washed out six h dred dollars worth of gold in a single week, a small stream fifty miles from Pike's Peak second Fraser River excitement is apprehend

WM. C. BRYANT (the poet) and family rived home in the Africa.

"BLACK TONGUE" DISEASE.

Most all our Southern exchanges have for some time past contained accounts of the destruction of cattle in Florida, Georgia, in South and North Carolina and other States by the influential disease called the Black Tongue. The disease seems to be spreading and may soon from North Carolina into Virginia, and even into Maryland, and elsewhere, it is well that our farmers should be forewarned and so, perhaps, forearmed; for the spread of this plague involves the loss of milk, butter, and beef. The disease has extended so widely that the butchers in Columbia, S. C., have announced to the people there, "that they consider it a duty to the public as well as to themselves to stop killing beeves for the present." At Wilmington, N. C., in consequence of the disease having reached that place, the municipal authorities have kept a strict watch upon the markets. A friend lately from Savannah, Ga., informs us that on board the steamer in which he left that city, milk purchased there could not be used, and on examining it he found it had turned green like stagnant water. In those neighborhoods where the disease has appeared, the inhabitants generally have ceased to eat beef. The Mobile Mercury records the death of two persons near that place from drinking milk from diseased cows, besides the deaths of several others from the same cause, at a distance. It appears that domestic cattle are not alone the sufferers, but that in Florida, particularly, the deer are perishing from the same disease, in large numbers, and, according to a letter in the Savannah Republican, dogs, and the buzzards in Burke county, Georgia, that have eaten the flesh of cattle that have died of the Black Tongue, have perished from the effects of such poisonous diet. The cause of this malignant disease does not seem to have been yet ascertained, though by many it is attributed to the rust, which in various parts of the Southern States, as elsewhere, has affected the grain crops and it is said in some places the grass also. The cattle are attacked by a stiffness and walk as though foundered, white froth is discharged in large quantities from the mouth,—they can eat nothing, fall away rapidly, and the tongue and gums become dreadfully swollen and turn black, and death speedily releases them from their agony. The remedies that have been found most efficacious are, according to one writer, a strong solution of copperas, alum and saltpetre, as a mouth wash, to be applied by forcing the mouth open as wide as possible, introducing a gag, and thoroughly washing the parts affected with a mop, two or three times a day, or oftener; besides drenching with salt and water, and rubbing powdered gum in the mouth. Another uses spirits of turpentine, in the proportion of half a pint, mixed with a gallon of copperas water, as a wash; whilst a third recommends a mouth-wash of salt, vinegar and popper, of which a wineglass full is to be poured into the animal's mouth two or three times a day; and, in addition to this, gives in the food, a table spoonful of the following compound: a table spoonful of copperas, three tablespoonfulls of sulphur and a quart of salt, well mixed. A writer in a North Carolina paper gives the following as a remedy that he has used with success upon his own stock. He places in a thick cotton cloth, one table spoonful of tar, one of salt, one of soft soap, a teaspoonful of copperas and a piece of assafœtida about the size of a peach stone, then ties the cloth securely, after wrapping it, with its contents, around a bridle bit, then puts the bit into the animal's mouth, and the bridle over the head to hold it there, and renews the supply of the mixture every other day. This last is certainly an ingenious mode of administering the remedy.—*American Farmer.*

POISONING BY PAINT.—M. de Calvi has experimentally demonstrated that the cases of poisoning by remaining in newly painted rooms are not due, as has hitherto been supposed, to the white lead, but to the vapors of the oil of turpentine. According to his statement, the effects will be the same, whether the paint employed is lead, zinc, or other pigment, so long as the oil of turpentine, or any of its analogies, is employed as the medium. M. de Calvi compares this kind of poisoning to that which is due to the emanations from flowers, and proposes to treat it by the energetic employment of stimulants.

A kindred medical point to the above, is that of poisoning by arsenic contained in paper-hangings. Dr. Taylor, in his evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Lords, on the Sale of Poisons bill, after pointing out that arsenic was much used in several manufactures, such as the manufacture of glass, especially of opal glass, of shot, in the steeping of grain, and in killing the fly in sheep, states that the largest quantity of arsenic used in England, is used for the manufacture of paper for covering walls. He considered it very injurious, both to those living in the houses papered with the article, as well as those employed in the manufacture. An instance was published in a medical work, of some cases of illness occurring to persons living in a room papered with this kind of paper, and the effects were described as those arising from arsenic. The color, says Dr. Taylor, is put on very loosely indeed; it contains nearly fifty per cent. of the poison.

A TRIBUTE TO PHILADELPHIA.—The Philadelphia steam fire engine took the first prize of $500 in the recent grand trial of steam fire-engines on Boston Common, in presence of the officers of the Boston Insurance Companies. Each apparatus was required to test its fitness for running to fires by running once round the Common, halt, take a position and commence playing. They all started at the same time, all "firing up" as they proceeded. The Philadelphia reached the end of the distance fixed, which was one mile and a quarter, far ahead of all her competitors, and in twelve minutes from the time of starting, steam was raised, and she had three streams playing at one time. She was in operation nearly fifteen minutes before any of the others. At a previous trial, she had manifested her superiority in throwing water. The competing engines were from Massachusetts.

ACTION OF SUGAR ON THE TEETH.—M. Lares, of France, in the course of his investigations on the teeth, has arrived at the following conclusions: First, that refined sugar, from either cane or beets, is injurious to healthy teeth, either by immediate contact with these organs, or by the gas developed owing to its stoppage in the stomach; second, that if a tooth is macerated in a saturated solution of sugar, it is so much altered in the chemical composition that it becomes gelatinous, and its enamel opaque, spongy, and easily broken: this modification is due, not to free acid, but to a tendency of sugar to combine with the calcareous basis of the tooth.

A SINGULAR STORY.—It is related in a foreign paper that during the attack of the English and French fleets on the Chinese forts at the mouth of the Pi-ho river, as an English Purser was coming on deck from below, a round shot took off his hat in a most unceremonious manner. "Hallo!" he exclaimed, "that was a close shave!" and the next moment he fell dead. The concussion of the atmosphere had destroyed his hold on life, it seems, and yet left him time to make the exclamation. Similar instances of the effects of what is termed the wind of a ball have been recorded.—*Exchange.*

GEORGE DEVLIN, a drunken fellow, in Maine, has lodged a complaint against his wife for playing practical jokes on him when he is intoxicated. The lady in question had better quit her Devlin.

A PARTY of young church members, composed of ladies and gentlemen, were out serenading last evening. They sang religious refrains entirely.—*Cincinnati Times.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
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E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

☞ A CONUNDRUM BY A COCKNEY.—What hevidence is hextant of King Charles's vanity? Vy, hanybody now o' nights can see King Charles's Wain!—*Punch.*

☞ No one sees the wallet on his back, though every one carries two packs; one before, stuffed with the faults of his neighbors—the other behind, filled with his own.—*Old Proverb.*

☞ When a man has no design but to speak plain truth, he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The export demand for Flour during the past week has been limited, but the market has been firm, the receipts and stocks being exceedingly light. The sales for shipment comprise about 5000 bbls at $5,50 ₱ bbl for fresh ground superfine, including some of better brands at $5,82½; old stock recently inspected at $5,25; extra at $6@6,25; extra family at $6,50@6,75, and fancy at $7,50. A sale of 200 bbls "Stafford" at $5,87½. There has been a moderate home consumption demand within the range of these quotations. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are scarce and held firmly. Small sales of the former at $4 ₱ bbl, and 200 bbls of the latter at the same price.

GRAIN—Supplies of Wheat have been coming forward rather more freely, but there has been an active inquiry for milling, particularly for prime descriptions, and prices have again advanced 2c ₱ bush. Sales of 31,000 bush in lots ranging from $1,14 up to 1,30 for poor and prime red, and $1,35 @1,43 for white. Rye is dull and lower. Sales of old at 76c, and new at 68@70c. Corn was dull early in the week, and fell off 2c ₱ bush, but since there has been an active inquiry, and this decline has been recovered. Sales of 28,000 bush at 87@88c for yellow in store, and 88@90c, afloat, closing at our highest figures, including 2000 bush inferior at 80c, and 1000 bush white at 86c. Oats continue in good request, with further sales of 15,000 bush at 42@43c for Southern, and 43@44c for Penna, including some not prime at 40@41c.

PROVISIONS have been extremely quiet. The receipts of all kinds are trifling, and the stocks are quite small. Sales of Mess Pork in lots at $18, on time. Of Prime the market is nearly bare. We quote at $15. City packed Mess Beef sells as wanted at $16@16,50 ₱ bbl, cash. Bacon—There has been a steady inquiry, and the advance noted at the close of last week has been well maintained. Sales at 11½@13c for plain and fancy canvassed Hams; 9½@9¾c for Sides, and 7¾c ₱ lb, 60 days, for Shoulders. Bulk Meats of all kinds are scarce. Small sales of Hams at 8½@9c, and Shoulders at 6½@7c, 60 days. Lard—There is but little coming forward. Small sales at 12@12¼c: and a few kegs at 13c ₱ lb. Butter continues to meet a very limited inquiry, and ranges from 12@14c for solid packed and Roll. No change in Cheese. Eggs sell at 14½@15c.

COTTON—There has been a steady inquiry, and, with a light stock, prices have been well maintained. Sales of 800 bales, chiefly Uplands, at 12½@13½ cents ₱ lb, cash; for low middling and middling fair quality, including some of the latter at 14 cents ₱ lb, on time, and is firm at 11½@12 cents.

BARK continues to meet a limited inquiry at the decline of $1 ₱ ton. Sales of 20 hhds No. 1 Quercitron at $31 ₱ ton. In Tanners Bark nothing doing and no essential change in prices.

BEESWAX continues scarce and in demand. Sales of Yellow at 31c ₱ lb, cash.

COAL continues to meet a very limited inquiry both for shipment and home consumption. Prices, however, have undergone no change. The cargo rates are $3,25@3,40 for Schuylkill White Ash, and $3,44@3,62½ for Red Ash free on board at Richmond; and $3,75 ₱ ton cash for Lehigh at Bristol. In Bituminous Coal nothing doing, and prices are nominal.

COFFEE—There have been no further arrivals and with a moderate inquiry and a light stock, holders are quite firm in their demands. Sales of 1400 bags Rio at 10½@11¾ cents; 3213 do by auction, at 9¼@10 cents—averaging $9.48; 257 do do inferior at 8¼ cents, and 500 bags Laguayra at 12 cents ₱ lb, on time.

FEATHERS—Very few here and good Western are wanted at 48 cents ₱ lb, cash.

FRUIT—Domestic Fruit comes forward slowly. Green Apples command $2@5 ₱ bbl. Dried Apples are very scarce, and there are but few coming forward. Small sales at 7¼@8c ₱ lb, at which figures they are in demand. Nothing doing in Dried Peaches. Watermelons are abundant and cheap.

HEMP is exceeding quiet. The last sale of Western Dressed was at $175, 6 months.

HIDES—There have been no sales since our last report. Prices are firmer.

HOPS are held firmly at the advance noticed last week, but the demand has been limited. Small sales at 12@13c ₱ lb.

IRON—The Iron market has been quiet and prices remain without change. Sales of 800 tons Grey Forge Iron at $19, cash; 400@500 tons No. 1 Anthracite at $21, and 600 tons No. 2 at $20 ₱ ton. In Blooms, Bar and Boiler Iron there are no changes worthy of notice.

LEAD—There has been more inquiry, and prices are firmer. Sales of 150 pigs Virginia at $5,62½, equal to cash.

LEATHER—There is a moderate demand for good descriptions, but inferior qualities are not wanted.

LUMBER—There is but little inquiry for any description. Laths range from $1,10@1,25 ₱ M. Yellow Pine Boards are very dull at $12@15 ₱ M feet. Flooring Boards command $18 ₱ M feet.

MOLASSES—There is but little stock here in first hands, and the transactions have been unimportant, comprising small lots of Cuba at 32c and Porto Rico at 37c.

SEEDS—Supplies of Cloverseed come forward very slowly, and it is in steady demand. Sales of 400 bushels in lots at $5,75@6 ₱ 54 lbs. Timothy is arriving freely, and has declined; sales of 400 bushels at $2 ₱ bus. Flaxseed is scarce and wanted at $1,65@168 ₱ bus; 3,150 bags and 950 packets Calcutta Linseed sold at $2,10 net.

SUGAR—The market has been exceedingly quiet, and with light receipts and a small stock, prices remain without change. Sales of 400 hhds Cuba at 7(@8¼c ₱ lb, on time; 400 hhds Porto Rico, for another market, on terms not made public; 70 hhds do at 8¼c, and 1,000 boxes Havana on private terms.

SPIRITS—There is a limited demand for Brandy and Gin, but prices are firm. New England Rum has declined. Sales at 37@39c. Whiskey is dull and prices nominal. Sales of bbls at 26c, hhds at 25c, and drudge at 24½c.

TALLOW is dull at our last quotations.

TOBACCO—Prices are firmer for Leaf, and for the fairer grades of Manufactured, an improvement has been realized.

WOOL—The demand has been good, particularly for the low and medium grades, of which the stock is now very much reduced, and for which, in some instances, an advance has been realized. The finer descriptions are rather neglected, although held quite firmly. Sales of 200,000 lbs, in lots, ranging from 25c for unwashed, up to 45c, cash, for full blood.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Sept. 4.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour dull; 4,000 bbls sold. Wheat quiet; Corn dull; 15,000 bushels sold. Mess Pork unsettled. 1,000 bbls sold at $17,50@17,75; prime, $15,49@15,50.

INTELLIGENCE FROM INDIA.
POWELL SLADE says:

ABINGTON, Wayne Co., Ind., April 21st, 1857.

"Allow me to say that Hoofland's German Bitters have truly performed miracles in this part of the country, and there are *many* who can and do speak of its excellency and intrinsic merits. I send you the names of some who have been greatly relieved by it—J. J. Swing, Mrs. D. D. Carson, Mrs. Elizabeth Hunt, Mrs. John Minor, Mr. M. Reigle, Mrs. F. Sell, and many others."

These Bitters are intended for Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, and diseases arising from a disordered stomach. They *will* perform what it is said they will.

For sale by druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, Canadas, West Indies and South America, at 75 cents per bottle. See that you get Hoofland's German Bitters.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER AND PLATED WARE.—First class goods constantly on hand. The subscriber paying cash for every article is enabled to sell goods at very low prices. THOS. W. BAILY, 622 Market Street, Philada. ap11-18t

LIFE HAS FEW CHARMS for the Dyspeptic, which is not to be wondered at, when we take into account the amount of bodily suffering which he endures. By the use of the Oxygenated Bitters, the picture is reversed and the bright side of life appears.

PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.—Every day affords new proofs of the peculiar effects of this preparation. In cases where a disordered condition of the stomach, liver and bowels, is combined with great debility, nervous weakness, and intense melancholy, its effects are most beneficial and wonderful.

SPASMODIC ASTHMA.—The most severe cases of this dreadful complaint have been cured by a few doses of *Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma*, and in no instance has it failed to give immediate relief. See advertisement.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing firm.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U. S 6 pr ct, 1856	—	—
" " '62	—	—
" " '67	—	—
" " '68	—	—
" 5 " coupon '74s	104	—
Phila 6 pr ct	97½	97¾
" " new	102	102½
" 5 "	—	98
Pitts 6 pr ct	65	—
" 6 coupon	—	—
All'y City 6 pr ct	—	—
" County "		
" RR issue	51	52
" County 6 pr ct		
Penn RR issue	85	—
Penn. 5 pr ct	100	—
" 5 " coupon	94½	95
" 6 "	83½	83¾
Tenn 6 pr ct	92	92½
" 5 " coupon	77	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	100	102
Missouri 6 "	84½	84¾
Ohio 6 " 1886	107	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	—	—
Virginia 6 "	—	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	89	—
Cal. State 7 pr ct		
new bonds	88½	—
N York City 6 pr ct	—	—
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	134½	135
Philadelphia	114	—
Commercial	47½	48
N Liberty	56	60
Mechanics	27½	27¾
Southwark	65	70
P Township	24½	24¾
Kensington	62½	65
Girard	11¼	11¾
Western	61	70
Man & Mech	25	27
Commerce	63	65
Tradesman's	60	—
City	44	42
Consolidation	23½	23½
Commonwealth	20	20½
Corn Exchange	20	—
Germantown	34	40
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	36	38
Exchange	50	—
Kentucky Ky.	112	—
Northern "	119½	125
Louisville "	105½	108
Farmers "	112	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	100½	100½
Planters "	100	100½
N O Gas Light	123	130
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg		
Washington Gas	7	7½
Light Co	21	22
Lehigh Zinc	½	¾
New Creek	½	¾
New Grenada	½	¾
N America Ins'ance	15½	16
N Liberties Gas	22	—
City Passenger RR	39	41
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	99½	100
" 2nd "	89½	90
" stock	43	43½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds	97	
" stock	100½	100¾
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	89	90½
mort 6's '44	90	91
" '88	70½	70¾
" stock	24½	24¾
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	82½	—
" stock	—	—
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	31½	32½
6 pr ct loan '55	99	100
Ches Val R R 7	70	90
Tioga R R	75	90
Williams & Elmira 7's 1st mort	70	—
" 2d "	48½	49½
" stock	11	11½
Catawissa	2	2½
Beaver Meadow stock	54½	55
" preferred 10 pr ct loan	—	—
North Penna R R stock	8½	9
6 pr ct loan	59½	60
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock	55½	—
6 pr ct loan	92	—
Minehill R R 6 pr ct loan	61½	61½
" stock	—	—
Har and Lan R R stock	59	59½
bonds '69	91½	91½
L. Schuylkill R R stock	28	27
Long Island R R stock	12	12½
" bonds	76	—
Erie R R stock	17½	—
Hudson River R R	27½	—
N Y Central "	79½	—
Michigan Central	88	—
Illinois "	76	—
Michigan Southern	22½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '32	63	64
imp. 6 pr ct	66	70
stock	3	3½
preferred	16½	17½
Lehigh Nav stock	48½	49½
mort 6 pr ct	97½	97¾
scrip "	31	32
Morris Canal stock	43	44½
preferred	100	100½
Ches & Del	40	45
bonds	77½	80
Union bonds	2	5
Sus & Tidewater bonds 1872	35	38
	—	5
	44½	47

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, September 4, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis		Solvent banks	1 dis
Relief notes	¼ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Crawford & Tioga	no sale	Solv bks	1 dis
Shamokin	10 dis	ALABAMA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solv bks	1 to 5 dis
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		MISSISSIPPI.	
DELAWARE.		All bks	uncertain
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		LOUISIANA.	
MARYLAND.		Solv bks	1 dis
Baltimore	¼ dis	OHIO.	
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis		Solv bks	1 dis
NEW YORK.		KENTUCKY.	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		Solv bks	1 dis
MAINE.		INDIANA.	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Solv bks	1 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		ILLINOIS.	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Solv bks	1½ dis
VERMONT.		MISSOURI.	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Solv bks	1 dis
CONNECTICUT.		TENNESSEE.	
Solv bks ½ dis		Old banks	3 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		MICHIGAN.	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Solv bks	1½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.		WISCONSIN.	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Solv bks	2 dis
VIRGINIA.		TEXAS.	
Solv bks ½ dis		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	5 dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		CANADA.	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Solv bks	1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.			
Solv bks 1 dis			

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.
JONES' SALOONS, 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ₱ lb	12 a14	Leg, Loin, Chop, ₱ lb	20 a10
Sirloin steak	14 a16	Breast and Neck	6 a 8
Rump "	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	$3 a$4
Chuck pieces	8 a11	Whole carcase	6 a 8
Plates and navels corned	8 a10	*Veal.*	
Tongues, fresh	55 a75	Fore quarter, ₱ lb	8
Leg, each	31 to 37½	Hind "	10
Skin	20 a25	Chop	12½
Kidney	8 a12	Cutlet	12½
Liver, ₱ lb	5 a 8	Sweetbread, each	30
Dried Beef, ₱ lb	14 a16	*Pork.*	
Lamb.		Young Pigs	1,75
Fore quarter	75 a87	Salt and fresh, lb	10 a12
Hind "	1,00a1,25	Feet, ₱ set	12½a25
Chop, ₱ lb	10 a12	Tripe, ₱ lb	4 a 5
Calves head, each	25 a37	Lard "	10 a13
		Hams, sliced	15 a16
		Bologna sausages	16 a20

VEGETABLES.

Lettuce, ₱ head	2 a 5	Carrots, dozen	10
Onions ₱ rope	12	Do do, ₱ lb	5 a 8
Beginning potatoes, ₱ basket	1,25	Corn pot's, ₱ bus	1,00a1,37½
New pot's (N J), ₱ bus	$1,00a1,25	Onions, bus	80
Sweet potatoes ₱ lb	6	Lima beans, each	12 a16
Corn, ₱ basket	37½a42	Tomatoes, ₱ basket	25a37½
		Squashes, ₱ basket	37½a50
		Cabbages, ₱ head	4 a10

FRUIT.

Apples, ₱ bbl	2,00a2,50	Canteloupes	5 a 8
Do ½ pk	25 a31	Huckleberries ₱ qt	12
Peaches ₱ basket	62½a75	Watermelons	10 a25

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens, ₱ pair	50 a62	Chickens, ₱ lb	10 a12½
Chickens, ₱ pair	75 a1,25	Sqb Pig'ns, pair	25 a37

SHELLFISH.

Oysters (Absecom) ₱ bbl	50 a75	N Y do, ₱ bbl.	10,00 12,00
Do, ₱ M	16,00a20,00	Terrapins (Ches & Del)	6,00 a8,00
Morris River Cove, ₱ bu	10,00 a12,00	Lobsters, lb	10
		Clams, M	2,00a2,50

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter, lb	31 a35	Salt do, lb	11
Roll "	22 a25	Mackerel	10
Eggs, doz	16 a18	Sm'kd Herring, hnch	6
Codfish	5 a 8	Honey, lb	20 a25
Dry Cod	a 6	Sweetcake, cake	2
Halibut, lb	12½	Salmon lb	25 a31
Blue Fish, lb	12	Sheep head	13

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. C. L. Norton, E. A. AURENTZ, of Pittsburg, Pa. to Miss T. S. daughter of the late Jos. B. Earle, of Somerset county, Pa.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. JOSEPH C. OLIVER, of Morristown, N. J. to Miss LUCRETIA M. PHILLIPS, of Albany, N. Y.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Mann, Mr. JOHN PFEIFER, of New York, to Miss EMMA BACH, of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. HORATIO EDDLEMAN, of Roxborough, to Miss MARY E. THOMAS, of Manayunk.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. G. W. Showman, Mr. B. FRANK GUYER, to Miss AMANDA M. ENGLEHART, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. JOSEPH B. TAULANE, to Miss JULIA L. HUDSON, both of this city.

On the 18th of May, by the Rev. A. Cookman, Mr. LIONEL RUDDUCK, to Miss ELMIRA BASTRERT.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 30th ultimo, MARGERY C. wife of Jos. L. Travis, aged 23 years.

On the 30th ultimo, WILLIAM BARTHOLOMEW, aged 60 years.

On the 31st ultimo, JOSEPH DOUGHERTY, aged 22 years.

On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH MORRIS, aged 65 years.

On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLER, aged 74 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. MARGARET MYERLE, aged 57 years.

On the 27th ultimo, ELIZABETH, wife of Mr. John Dripps, aged 29 years.

On the 28th ultimo, Mr. WILLIAM POYNTER, aged 62 years.

On the 28th ultimo, Mr. WILLIAM DOWNING, Sr. aged 82 years.

JONAS WHITCOMB'S
REMEDY FOR
ASTHMA,
CATARRH, ROSE COLD, HAY FEVER, &c.

Prepared from a German recipe, obtained by the late Jonas Whitcomb, in Europe. It is well known to have alleviated this disorder in his case, when all other appliances of medical skill had been abandoned by him in despair. In no case of purely Asthmatic character, has it failed to give immediate relief, and it has effected many permanent cures. Within the past two years this remedy has been used in thousands of cases, with astonishing and uniform success. It contains no poisonous or injurious properties whatever, an infant may take it with perfect safety.

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RATHER A TOUGH STORY.

I remember one Silas Gray, a queer fellow, a citizen of the world, who, when he heard a traveller's tale, always chimed in with one more extraordinary still. Such as this: Did you ever go to the Rocky Mountains? Well, I wonder at that. You may be sure you don't know the world. My ancestors came from there, and in my younger days we used often to talk about an old uncle that was living there about a century ago. He was a crack shot, and when he came down to see grandfather, brought a particular long gun with him. I thought I might as well go and see what they had done with the old man. Well, do you know, that district is so remarkably healthy, high up in the air, that people never die. They get old and shrivelled, and lose their faculties pretty much, and then the neighbors tie them up in a sack, and ticket them, and hang them up in the church. So when I got to the place I went to the church, and asked the man that had charge, if he knew what had become of my old uncle. The man said he didn't know, but if I would come along with him, we'd see. So we went round and examined the sacks, a precious lot of them. Sure enough there was my uncle's name on one. So the man asked me if I wished to speak to him. I told him I wanted particularly to do it. Well, he took down the sack, and inside there was my uncle as dry as a mummy. He put him into warm water, and after a while the old man began to open his eyes and sneeze. At last, says I, Well, uncle, can you speak? and he said he could. So I began to chat with him about our relations. The old man presently tired, and began to yawn. Says he, if you have anything particular to ask about, I guess you had better make haste, as *I* am getting tired, and want to be hung up again. Well then, uncle, says I, I do just want to know what became of a particular long gun you used to have. Look, says he, under the thatch at the north-west corner of the house and you'll find it. Thankee, uncle, says I; and we tied the old man up again. Well, I found the gun, and loaded it with a pound of powder and six pounds of shot. In my country the pigeons are so plentiful that, unless you drive them away, they eat up all the grain. Somebody has to go out every morning to shoot them. Well, I was anxious for my turn. So I got up very early, long before daylight, and I laid the gun along a fence, just to sweep the field as I thought. I sat down to wait for morning, but somehow fell asleep. When I woke, the ground was literally plastered with pigeons. But the gun swept just over their heads, and 'twas no use firing at them as they lay; but I thought that was no great matter, so made ready. Hallo! says I, and up they flew. I let fly, but the hundredth of a second too late. Not a bird did I kill, but we picked up two bushels and a half of legs and feet on the ground.—*Prof. Kelland.*

An Amusing Mistake.—The following anecdote is told by a correspondent of Chambers's Journal, of an English omnibus conductor, Mr. Edward Brown, or, as he is sometimes called, Smart Ned:

My friend Bilberry sometimes accompanies me to town. Bilberry is a popular lecturer of considerable fame, and what is more to the point, a very charming companion. He is a huge man, with a jolly round face, which is slightly tinted by the best of clarets. He dresses in a very clerical style; and his turned-up hat, gold spectacles, and black suit, give him the outward semblance of some high-church dignitary. A few mornings ago, we met at the corner of the road, and waited for our omnibus, which happened to be the one to which Mr. Brown is attached. On our way to town, I could not help noticing that worthy's frequent glances at my portly friend. Every now and then he would peep cautiously into the vehicle, and look at Bilberry's hat, his shoes, or his spectacles. At last he dismounted from his elevated post, and took up a position on the step, so that he might enjoy an uninterrupted view of the lecturer. He seemed completely fascinated with the massive gold spectacles, and never averted his gaze for a moment. At Charing Cross I got out, and Bilberry followed. Brown touched his hat to him with a reverential air.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said he; "may I speak with you a minute?"

"What is it, my man—what is it?" asked my friend.

"I'm afraid, sir, you'll think me very rude, but the fact is, me and the driver has a bet on about you."

"A bet about me, man? What do you mean?" Bilberry is rather irascible, and will not be trifled with.

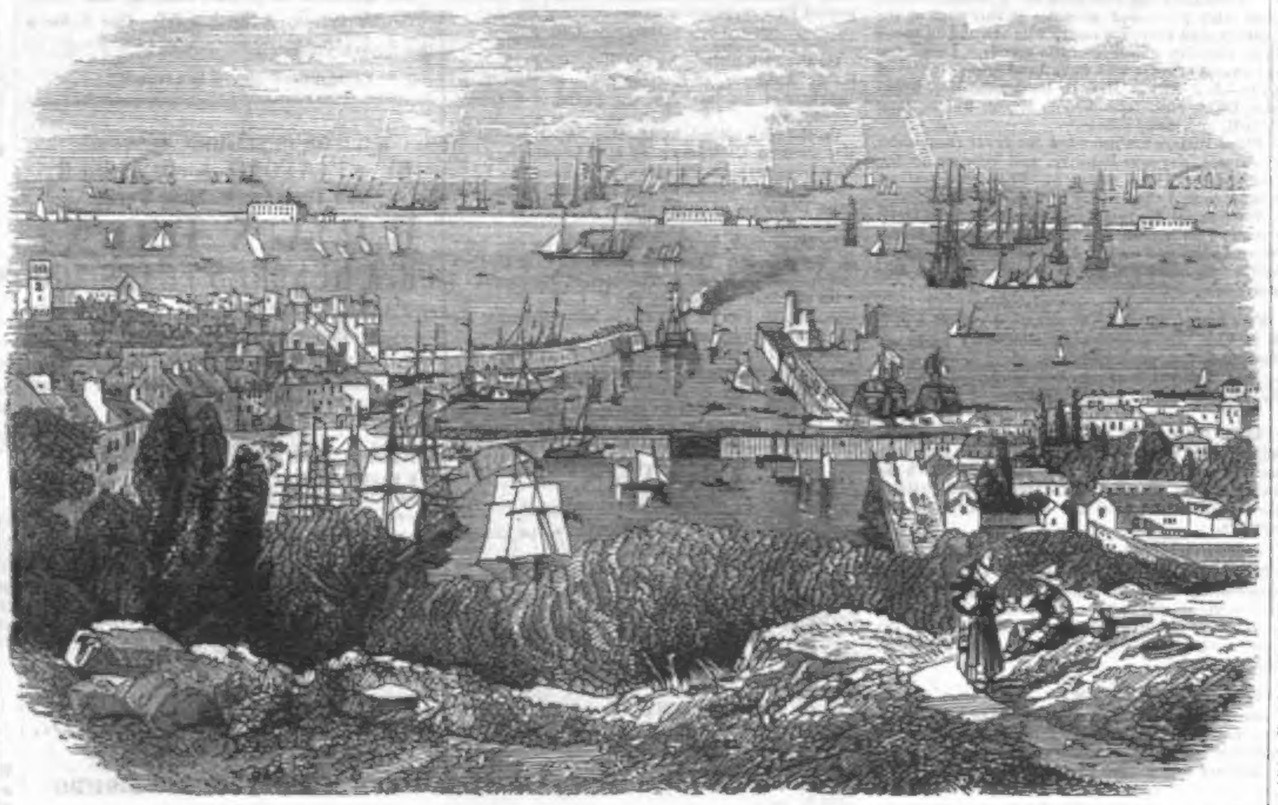
"Well, sir, it's rather a ticklish question to put to you, but ain't you Cardinal Wiseman?"

"Cardinal Wiseman!" roared Bilberry, flourishing his cane. "Do you mean to insult me, you impertinent rascal? I have a very good mind to—"

My excited friend could not finish his sentence before Stuart Ned had slammed the door, mounted his perch, and shouted out at the top of his voice:

"All right, Bill! Drive on! *It is his Eminence!*"

Mr. Partington on Long Life.—"I've always noticed," said Mrs. Partington, dropping her voice to the key that people adopt when they are disposed to be philosophical or moral, "I've always noticed that every year added to a man's life has a tendency to make him older, just as a man who goes a journey finds, as he jogs on, that every mile-stone brings him nearer to where he is going, and farther from where he started. I haven't got the exorbitance of feeling that I had once, and I don't believe I shall ever have it again if I live to the age of Methusaleh, which, heaven knows, I don't want to. And, speaking of long life, I haven't any desire to live any longer than the breath remains in my body, if it isn't more than eighty years—I wouldn't wish to be a centurion, and the idea of surviving one's factories always gives me a disagreeable sensoriousness. But whatever is to be, will be, and there is no knowing how a thing will take place till it turns out."—*Boston Gazette.*



CHERBOURG.

The above bird's-eye view of Cherbourg will give perhaps a better idea of the place, than more minute illustrations. The great marvel of Cherbourg is the simple fact of the breakwater—"a solid stone pier of some ten miles in length, erected at a depth of sixty or seventy feet, of sufficient strength to resist the violence of a most dangerous sea. Imagine this, and you have at once almost all that words can do to describe the phenomenon. The whole wonder of the 'feat' lies in the difficulty of execution under such circumstances—but when once completed the eye perceives little beyond what it recognizes in the stone jetties of every well appointed seaport. When lying in a boat, indeed, at one end, and gazing along the line to the further and distant extremity, the mind grasps at a glance the gigantic nature of the construction, and feels appalled almost at the boldness and daring of the conception. Huge circular bottoms terminate the colossal pier at either extremity. In the centre is a fort, or rather fortress, consisting of a whole island of barracks, guard-houses, and other military establishments. Uniting these extremities with the central portion, runs the long line of sea wall, or rampart, composed of a platform of solid masonry, on which six or eight persons can walk abreast; and, on the sea side, a parapet, more than breast high, broad enough to contain four or five more.'

Communicating by Signs.—Alexander Dumas the elder happened to be in Switzerland at a roadside inn where German alone was spoken, and he did all he could to impart to the master of the establishment that he wished to have some mushrooms. Finding that he could not make himself understood by language, he took up a piece of charcoal and traced on the wall a likeness of the article which he wanted. The inn-keeper, on seeing the representation, seemed quite pleased, and gave unmistakable signs of believing he comprehended. "At last!" exclaimed Dumas, "and not without difficulty! However, it is well to be a man of invention, as otherwise I should be without my dish of mushrooms. However, here comes the host; I hear him returning." And so he did, holding in his hand—an umbrella!

Useful Receipts.

Drying Peaches Without Peeling.—A correspondent of the Louisville Journal communicates a new plan of drying peaches, which may be of service to our readers. The *furze* is removed by immersing in lye, made by boiling woodashes in water, to a tolerable strength. The lye should be warm, but not so as to cook the peaches, which are rubbed in it awhile, and then washed in clear cold water. Every particle of furze will be removed, and only a thin skin remain—they can then be cut and dried in the usual manner. They thus lose nothing of their sweetness by peeling, and are said to be of the best quality for all cooking purposes.

Management of Scarlet Fever.—In a recent conversation with one of the most skillful physicians and eminent physiologists of this State, who had had a long and extensive practice, the conversation turned upon the treatment of scarlet fever. "I suppose," we remarked, "that this disease is more dreaded by physicians than any other, from its capricious character?" "Yes—to tell the truth, when we meet with a case, we really don't know what to do—and, therefore, I—do nothing." "Would it not be best to use at least palliatives?" "My whole practice is this—when the fever first comes on, and the patient is hot from fever, I have him sponged with cold water; and continue the treatment as long or as often as it is agreeable, or relieves the suffering. Afterwards, as he becomes weaker, the water is gradually made warmer; the sensations of the patient being the guide. At the same time, he is allowed to drink all the cold water he wants—which he will never do in large quantities (as he should not) at a time, if it is always within his reach. I have known some to drink in this way, by small portions, a quart in an hour. After a while, this produces more or less perspiration, which greatly relieves the symptoms. This is my whole treatment. Nothing is more pernicious that the practice of giving powerful medicines in this disease. The fact is, many scarlet fever patients are drugged out of existence!" We learned that this physician, with a long and extensive practice, never lost but two patients of scarlet fever.—*Country Gentleman.*

Remedy for Poison.—For dog-wood and ivy poison, we find *blood-root* a sure cure. Take the green root, and pound or cut so as to get the juice, and rub on the poisoned parts; taking the dry root powdered, or steeped, as a tea, in very small doses, three times a day, rubbing the green root on at the same time.—*Cor. of New England Farmer.*

Preservation of Meat.—A Belfast (Ireland) paper, states that meat, first dried in a current of air, and then hung up in a close chamber and exposed for twenty or thirty minutes to the fumes of burning sulphur, will keep as long as required. The meat before packing, must be further dried and then covered with some impervious substance. Sheep killed in Algiers during the hot months of August, and passed through this process, were taken to Paris, and sold a month later. We have seen hams which, after pickling, were smoked a short time over burning sulphur, that tasted and kept well.—*Country Gentleman.*

Agricultural.

M. DE SORA'S HENERY.

If newspaper accounts be true, M. de Sora, of France, has attained a degree of celebrity of quite an interesting character. It is a fact equally true, that while the better class of horse flesh is attracting the attention of Epicureans in France, the less valuable specimens of the equine race, such as worn-out horses from old age, hard labor or disease, have the elements of their organisms finding their way to the tables of the French people in rather an indirect manner. M. de Sora gathers from the stables of Paris and its suburbs, all such horses as referred to above, that can be purchased at moderate prices, and has them slaughtered, more especially because of their flesh, for the purpose of supplying the demands of an extensive poultry establishment, which is said to be the source of a large income to its proprietor—not less than $175,000 per annum. The principal profit of the establishment arises from the production of eggs. All such parts of the slaughtered horses as are not used for food, such as the blood, skins, bones, hoofs, shanks, etc., are disposed of at remunerative prices. The skins go to the tanner, the blood is used for various purposes in the arts, the bones are manufactured into ivory black, and in the form of bone-dust and super-phosphate of lime sold for agricultural purposes. The shanks, hoofs, etc., go to the glue maker and Prussian blue manufacturer. The very marrow of these old horses' bones assumes the form of lip salve, and innumerable perfumed preparations for the lubrication and decoration of the well cared curls and tresses of the ladies of France.

The following extracts will be read with interest:—

The flesh is carefully dissected off the frame of course, and being cut into suitable proportions it is run through a series of revolving knives, the apparatus being similar to a sausage machine on an immense scale, and is delivered in the shape of a homogeneous mass of mince meat, slighly seasoned, into casks, which are instantly headed up and conveyed, per railroad, to the egg plantation of M. de Sora.

The consumption of horses for this purpose, by M. de Sora, has been at the average rate of twenty-two per day for the last twelve months, and so perfectly economical and extensive are all his arrangements, that he is enabled to make a profit on the cost of the animals by the sale of the extraneous substances enumerated above—thus furnishing to himself the mince-meat for less than nothing delivered at his henery.

It has been ascertained that a slight addition of salt and ground pepper to the mass is beneficial to the fowls, yet M. de Sora does not depend on these condiments alone to prevent putrefaction, but has his store rooms so contrived as to be kept at a temperature just removed from the freezing point through all the months of the year, so that the mince-meat never becomes sour or offensive; the fowls eat it with avidity, they are ever in good condition, and they lay an egg almost daily, in all weathers and in all seasons.

The sheds, offices and other buildings are built around a quadrangle, enclosing about twenty acres, the general feeding ground. This latter is subdivided by fences of open paling, so that only a limited number of fowls are allowed to herd together, and these are ranged in different apartments according to their age, no bird being allowed to exceed the duration of four years of life. At the end of the fourth year they are placed in the fattening coops for about three weeks, fed entirely on crushed grain, and sent alive to Paris.

As one item alone in this immense business it may be mentioned that in the months of September, October, and November last, M. de Sora sent nearly 1,000 dozens of capons to the metropolis.

He never allows a hen to set?

The breeding rooms are warmed by steam, and the heat is kept up with remarkable uniformity to that evolved by the female fowl during the process of incubation, which is known to mark higher on the thermometer than at any other period. A series of shelves one above the other, form the nests, while blankets are spread over the eggs, to exclude any accidental light. The hatched chicks are removed to the nursery each morning and fresh eggs laid in to supply the place of empty shells. A constant succession of chickens is thus insured, and moreover the feathers are always free from vermin. Indeed a lousy fowl is unknown upon the premises.

M. de Sora permits the males and females to mingle freely at all seasons, and after a fair trial of all the various breeds, has cleared his establishment of every shanghai, cochin china, or other outlandish fowl, breeding only from old-fashioned barn-yard chanticleers and the feminines of the same species. He contends that the extra size of body and eggs pertaining to these foreign breeds can only be produced and sustained by extra food, while for capon raising the flesh is neither so delicate or juicy as that of the native breed.

The manure produced in this French establishment is no small item, and since it forms the very best fertilizer for many descriptions of plants, it is eagerly sought for at high prices by market gardeners in the vicinity. The proprietor estimates the yield this year at about 100 cords. He employs nearly 100 persons in different departments, three-fourths of whom, however, are females. The sale of eggs during the past winter has averaged about 40,000 dozen per week, at the rate of six dozen for four francs, bringing the actual sales up to $5,000 in round numbers for every seven days, or $250,000 per annum. The expenses of M. de Sora's henery, including wages, interest, and a fair margin for repairs, &c., are in the neighborhood of $75,000, leaving a balance in his favor of $175,000 per year.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD CIDER.

There is hardly a tithe of cider made now as compared with forty years ago. Many of the old orchards have died out, and the temperance reform has prevented their renewal. The market for fine fruit has greatly expanded, and nearly all the trees now planted are for the production of market apples. It took eight bushels of apples to make a barrel of cider, and the barrel sold for only a dollar. Apples now bring every year from fifty cents to a dollar a bushel. Fruit growers can hardly be expected to lament the change that is so much for their pecuniary interest.

Yet cider is still made all over the country in small quantities, some for the apple butter, some for vinegar, and still more for a beverage. When bottled and properly handled, it is as palatable, and much more wholesome, than most of the wines of commerce. In affections of the kidneys it is an excellent remedy, and should have a place in every well appointed cellar. It is a matter of some importance, that what cider is made, should be made in the best manner.

The apples should be well ripened, but not in the least decayed. Every apple with the least speck of rot in it should be removed, if you wish a first rate beverage. The decayed and inferior apples may be reserved for making vinegar. Perfect cleanliness should be observed in the grinding process which should be performed two days before pressing, and the pomace be permitted to stand and mellow in the vat, until it assumes a deep red color. Clean dry straw should be used in forming the cheese if the straw be musty, the flavor will be communicated to the juice. If water be added, it will make it hard and unpleasant to the taste. The casks, also, in which it is put for fermentation, should be thoroughly cleansed, and finished off with a fumigation of brimstone. This is done by burning inside the barrel a few strips of canvass, dipped in melted brimstone. The fumes will penetrate all the pores and destroy the must and correct the sourness. After the fermentation is over, draw off into clean barrels, and clarify it. This can be done by mixing a quart of clean white sand with the whites of half a dozen eggs, and a pint of mustard seed, and pouring it into the barrel. It may stand in the barrel, or, if a nice article is wanted, it should be put into quart bottles and corked.

This cider will be fit to drink in case of sickness, and will always bear a good price in market. It retails at twenty-five cents a bottle, and would bring at least two dollars a dozen, by the quantity. This is much better business than to make a poor article from decayed apples, in a slovenly manner, and sell it for two dollars a barrel.—*Amer. Agriculturist.*

SHEEP AS SCAVENGERS.

Notwithstanding the heresy of the Rev. R. J. Breckenridge about "In and In Breeding," he is yet a good observer and thoughtful farmer. I owe to him my first idea of sheep as scavengers or eaters of weeds. It is well known that sheep eat a larger variety of weeds than any of our domestic animals. With a certain number of sheep then to eat what weeds the horse and ox leave, we have a clear gain of all the mutton made, the most wholesome of meats, and the absolute advantage of destroying noxious weeds, which would otherwise increase and root out wholesome grasses. Having sheep in one pasture, and cattle in an adjoining one, I found the sheep continually pressing to pass from a fine blue grass pasture into the pasture where the cattle were, much less luxuriant. I let them through the gate and watched them; they at once greedily, without touching the grass, devoured certain weeds, which the cattle studiously passed over. The true plan is to have few sheep, and change them frequently from one pasture to another; the sheep will then be healthier, and the pastures the better for their presence. But it does not follow, however, the sheep will clear up foul pastures of themselves. They require some grass as well as weeds. Now if a pasture is very foul, the scythe must be used. Suppose fifty sheep will eat, in a year, five acres of briars or other weeds, and the one hundred acre field produces six acres of briars or weeds: now five only being eaten, the other acre will go on spreading and trenching upon the grass, until such time as there will not be grass enough for the sheep, to say nothing of other stock. But using the scythe, if you reduce the six or ten acres of briars to five, then the sheep will cut the other five for you, which is a clear gain, or saving of labor and mutton. But there are numerous weeds in most pastures which the horse and ox will not eat, and which the scythe cannot reach; all these the sheep will feed upon.

The true theory then of cleaning pastures is not to rely upon sheep or the scythe, separately, but upon both. They especially are greedy in eating young briars after the scythe has cut the hard and old stalks. And after all we must not rely upon the scythe or the sheep for permanent freedom from weeds, but upon long and thick grass to choke them out.

I do not doubt that the reason why sheep are so liable to disease is the fact that by over numbers they eat out all the variety which is necessary to their health, but if kept in small numbers, and changed from pasture to pasture, there is no stock more healthy and remunerative for the outlay of capital and care.

Let every farmer then keep a few choice sheep.—*Corres. of Ohio Farmer.*

FENCE POSTS.

The durability of fence posts, it has been ascertained by reiterated experiments, is greatly increased by charring the bottoms, or that portion of them which is to be inserted in the soil, before setting them. There are but few methods, probably, of enhancing the durability of wood which is to be exposed to the action of moisture, or the soil, more effectual than that of charring. In old fields, the plough not unfrequently exhumes knots, and fragments of limbs which must have remained beneath the surface for several generations, yet in a perfectly sound condition in consequence of the exterior surface having been charred when the clearing of the soil was effected by "axe and brand." Oak and cedar posts, as well as stakes of all kinds, endure nearly twice as long when so prepared, and as the cost is in most cases, merely nominal, the practice should universally prevail. It is well known that on many kinds of soil, the most valuable and durable kinds of wood will last but a few years if set in an unprepared state, and the cost of repairs is often one of the most serious drawbacks with which the farmer has to contend. We advise every one, therefore, who is about to erect new lines of fence, or to repair old ones, to make trial of this plan by all means, and to carefully observe the result. —*New England Farmer.*

ITEMS.

A French veterinary surgeon, named Heu, is declared to have discovered, and successfully practised, a remedy for the pleuro-pneumonia, so destructive to cattle. It consists of 60 grammes (2 ounces) of chlorate of potash, dissolved in a quart of water, sweetened with honey; to be given in two daily doses of half the amount.

Bots in Horses.—Permit me through the columns of your valuable paper, to make known a remedy for "Bots" which I regard as much of a "specific" in that disease, as pink root or Fahnestock's Vermifuge for worms in children. Sulphuric ether, two ounces, laudanum, two drachms, warm water sweetened, one quart. Drench the animal, and repeat the dose if necessary in an hour, to be followed two or three hours afterwards, with a good dose of linseed oil. And if the above remedy should prove as successful in the hands of others as it has with me, many fine horses will be spared to die of old age.—*Corres. of Country Gentleman.*

Foot Rot.—This nasty disease can be readily cured, says R. A. G. Hyde, of Erie county, N. Y., thus:—Take equal parts of sulphate of copper (blue vitriol) and verdigris, pulverise, and apply after paring off the foot to get at the part affected.

☞ "If I was making up a plan of consequence," said the great Lord Bolingbroke, "I should like first to consult with a sensible woman."

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 79 letters.

My 1, 25, 39, 39, 12, 65, 48, was the goddess of war.

My 2, 70, 32, 7, 45, 76, was the muse who presided over Astronomy.

My 3, 56, 71, 40, 53, 24, 78, was a mountain in Thrace, covered all the year with snow.

My 4, 6, 75, 34, 61, was a King of Lydia.

My 5, 11, 78, 32, 29, 42, 79, was an ancient god of the sea.

My 69, 49, 55, 34, 16, 32, was the goddess of health.

My 23, 37, 52, 24, 74, 25, 9, 46, was the god of sleep.

My 35, 76, 43, 54, 70, 26, was the father of Jupiter.

My 72, 3, 48, 10, 38, 19, was the most ancient of the gods.

My 77, 52, 22, 33, 58, 13, was the son of Neptune.

My 59, 24, 14, was a name of Cybele.

My 15, 32, 38, 63, 46, was a noted robber, fabled to have had three heads.

My 62, 8, 52, 25, 55, 28, 41, 78, was a Grecian female, the only one permitted to witness the Olympic games.

My 44, 76, 27, 25, 19, was the place of departed spirits.

My 73, 48, 39, 29, 18, 61, was a youth beloved by Mars.

My 17, 70, 16, 60, 26, was a celebrated hunter.

My 21, 39, 20, 52, 33, was the goddess of flowers.

My 50, 16, 64, 78, 65, was the son of Vesta.

My 67, 32, 52, 68, 32, 3, 72, 14, was a place of punishment in the lower world.

My 66, 46, 35, 78, was a lofty mountain of Thessaly.

My whole was a great saying after the battle of Saratoga.

Pittsburg, Pa. GEO. IRWIN.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 13, 7, 2, 4, 24, 22, was a Prince of Elis.

My 6, 17, 24, 25, 10, 8, 24, 23, was a King of Caria.

My 8, 9, 5, was an American General in the Revolution.

My 19, 14, 18, 10, 13, was an American officer.

My 25, 10, 8, 10 13 was a celebrated philosopher.

My 1, 3, 8, 8, was a celebrated archer.

My 20, 21, 13, 8, 13, 7, was a Spanish monarch.

My 16, 4, 1, 14, 8, 24, 23, was a King of Pergamus.

My 12, 22, 14, 15, was a British Admiral.

My 6, 13, 15, 24, 13, 4, 25, was a Governor of New York.

My 11, 14, 4, 5, 25, were three goddesses.

My whole is one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

On a summer morn, ere the sun doth rise,
And with rays of crimson light the skies,
My first is soaring in upper air;
Naught with its singing can compare.

O'er a distant prairie, at evening mild,
Comes a single horseman, riding wild;
And he with my second urges his beast,
Till he stops to rest and feast.

Seek in the garden, and there you'll find
Something with beauty and fragrance combined,
'Tis my whole there blooming in colors bright,
Making a very pleasing sight. ASHMEW.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Complete through endless space I roam,
And countless millions call me "home,"
And though quite large I move as fast
As does the whirlwind or the blast;
But when transposed it is confessed,
I dwell in every human breast;
One letter drop, and through the grove,
A free and happy beast I rove;
Another gone, and you'll decide
I am to science near allied.
If now transposed, by all 'tis said,
I guide the ship and heave the lead;
Again, and I'm a quadruped.
My whole curtail, transpose, and lo!
I flow for sorrow, joy and woe;
Behead me now—I truly claim
To be a portion of man's frame;
Curtail, and then replace my head,
And I'm a fragrant herb instead;
Reversed, I'm known to saint and sage,
As goddess of an ancient age;
Transposed, and there are very few,
When well, but will me daily do.

West Union, Ohio. RALPH WILSON.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is found near every seaport town;
My second is a female quadruped;
My third is a blooming lass;
My whole was once first among the nations of the earth.

Ann Arbor, Mich. H.

ALLIGATION QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A storekeeper mixed 40 pounds of sugar at 10 cents per pound with 20 pounds of sugar at 8 cents per pound. How much sugar at 6 cents per pound must he add to this mixture to sell the whole at 9 cents per pound, and gain 50 cents for the trouble of his mixing? S. WALKER.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the difference between the Emperor of Russia and a certain breakfast utensil? Ans.—One is a despot and the other is a tea-pot.

☞ Why is a sick Jew like a diamond? Ans.—Because he is a jewel (Jew ill).

☞ Why ought every man to have a wife? Ans.—Because no one can flourish without a "rib."

☞ What is the best line to lead a man with? Ans.—Crinoline.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—Nathaniel Greene. Major-General United States Army. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. CHARADE.—Carpet. CHARADE.—Sirloin. RIDDLE.—Bear. ANAGRAMS.—United States, Germany, South Carolina, Cape Henry, Lower Guinea, Great Salt Lake, Minnesota, South Shetland, Sumatra, Palestine. PROBLEM.—67 and 33.